

MAR 23 1910

THE ACADEMY.
March 12, 1910

Heredity and the King

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1975

MARCH 12, 1910

PRICE THREEPENCE
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

A NEW PENNY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

No. 1.

READY NEXT TUESDAY.

THE

LITERARY POST

THE LITERARY POST is the title of a New Penny Weekly Newspaper to be devoted to the manifold interests of the literary and social worlds. It is designed to provide the public with a more complete survey of all that is appearing in current literature than is afforded by any existing journal. The production of an important or interesting book will be treated as an event of public interest, and the review of it will be more in the nature of a descriptive article on the subject-matter than a mere expression of the critic's opinions. Every effort will be made to avoid the more ponderous qualities of the weekly reviews, and to cultivate in the treatment of books the more popular interests without impairing the weight and value of the criticisms. In the leaders and topical notes will be found reference to all contemporary events which are worth discussion. Other prominent features will be signed articles by well-known writers, articles on varied subjects from authoritative pens, selected quotations from the best new works, condensed extracts from the world's press of the hour; English, American, and Continental notes; a Financial Article by a trustworthy authority; and a list of the week's publications.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES

36, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

SONNETS. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, Author of
 "The City of the Soul." Fcap. 8vo. Printed by the Arden Press on
 hand-made paper, 2s. 6d. net.

The First Edition of 500 copies is exhausted. Second Edition
 Now Ready.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH says :

"The 'Sonnets' . . . combine at once richness and simplicity, both in the similes
 used and in the diction ; while most are marked by that apparent ease which is no small part
 of the sonnet-writer's art."

The SPECTATOR says :

"There is no crudeness in the slender volume of sonnets which Lord Alfred Douglas has
 published. He does not make the mistake of overloading his sonnets with thought, and giving
 them a burden which bows them. There is nothing tortuous or crabbed or obscure in them,
 nor do they sin in the other extreme and fall into mellifluous banality. Almost all equally
 deserve quotation."

The SCOTSMAN says :

"Mr. Crosland's note is interesting for the characteristic contempt which it flings upon
 everyday estimates of poetry . . . He says of the sonnets, 'several of them will stand on their
 pure merits so long as poetry is esteemed, and so long as the English language is understood.'
 This is a high encomium ; but no lover of poetry who reads the book will think it says too much."

The OBSERVER says :

"Some of the sonnets have poignant and original thought in them. All have music and
 the gracious flow of metre. Without hyperbole or patronage, it is safe to call them poetry.
 'The Dead Poet' is 'sweet sorrow' indeed as to form, and bitter sorrow as to feeling, an
 exquisite specimen of the non-pompous elegy."

The SATURDAY REVIEW says :

"The 'Sonnets' of Lord Alfred Douglas need little by way of appreciation, and less
 by way of criticism. There is no man living able to produce a book of sonnets quite so flaw-
 less in their grace and music."

The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN says :

"The 'Sonnets' by Lord Alfred Douglas are of singularly high merit. They have quite
 a Shakespearian balance of phrase and rhythm, and, with these, the essential compactness and
 sufficiency. As an example one might quote almost any one of the nineteen here."

IN PREPARATION

LANVAL. A Dramatic Poem. By LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.
 Fcap. 8vo, vellum gilt, 5s. net.

THESE THREE. Being a Collection of Prose Papers. By W. L.
 RANDELL. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

AN OUTDOOR BREVARY. By M. JOURDAIN. Fcap. 8vo,
 buckram gilt, 5s. net.

THE CITY OF THE SOUL. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.
 A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.

POEMS. By LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO.
 63 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	243	Reviews	249
From the Persian	245	Meetings of Societies . .	253
Heredity and the King . .	245	Correspondence	255
The Isles of Greece . . .	247	Books Received	256
The New Electra	248	Spring Announcements . .	257

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s. ; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

An INDEX to VOLUME LXXVI (Jan.-June, 1909) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded post free for 1d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

LIFE AND LETTERS

In the same open letter to Mr. Crosland which contains the libellous remarks in respect of which Mr. Crosland has issued writs on Messrs. Odhams, The John Bull Co., Ltd., and Bottomley, the following words appear:—"I fall back upon the opinion of Dr. Johnson that sonnets are 'not very suitable to the English language,' and that the words sonneteer, sonnetter, sonnetist, and sonnet-writer denote 'a small poet in contempt.'" These words have nothing to do with the alleged libel on Mr. Crosland, and consequently we are at liberty to comment on them. It is characteristic of the mentality of Bottomley and his henchmen that they should endeavour to shelter their own ignorance and incompetence in literary matters behind what is perhaps the most foolish thing that Dr. Johnson ever said. Dr. Johnson was a very great man; but he knew very little about poetry. A mere casual list of the great English sonnetteers will be sufficient to show this. Here are the names of a few of the great English writers of sonnets: Sir Thomas Wyatt, the great Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, Drummond of Hawthornden, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne. There are many more, but the names we have mentioned will be sufficient to abash even the cocksure impudence of Messrs. Bottomley, Vivian and Company, and to convince them of the wisdom of following the advice we gave them last week to stick to their own business and leave matters which are beyond their comprehension alone.

We are very glad that the Unionist party has decided not to contest the election of Mr. Rufus Isaacs to his seat at Reading. To have contested the election would have been an act of grave discourtesy to a very able and distinguished man who is deservedly popular on both sides of the House, and who has won for himself his great position at the Bar by methods which have never been inconsistent with the strictest and most honourable scrupulousness.

Any attempt to unseat Mr. Isaacs at the present moment could only have been attended with disaster and discredit to the Unionist party. The question of contesting the re-election of members of Parliament who are compelled to resign their seats on account of their elevation to a high office in the State is almost entirely a personal one. To contest the re-election of an honourable and high-minded opponent is, and always will be, a mistake from every point of view. It is far otherwise in the case of such wild-cat politicians as Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Ure. No quarter should be given to this type of politician, whether in public or in private life. Mr. Rufus Isaacs is quite another pair of horses, and THE ACADEMY is delighted to congratulate him upon his elevation to the post which he is so eminently fitted to adorn.

We are still without the long-promised writ of Greening, Limited. As we indicated last week, this writ was promised us as far back as July, 1909. In their recent letter to the press, Messrs. Greening asserted that aspersions had been cast upon them which they were not given the opportunity of removing. With a view to ascertaining what Messrs. Greening really mean by opportunity, we addressed to them on March 2 the following letter:—

We have seen a letter which appears in the correspondence columns of the *Yorkshire Observer* of Monday, February 28. In this letter you say that "aspersions" have been cast upon you which you were not given an opportunity of removing. We do not quite know what opportunity of removing the aspersions in question would induce you to issue a writ. But if there is anything we can do to help you in this direction we shall be very pleased to oblige. As it is, we shall continue to say publicly what we think of your business and methods, and we shall also continue to say that you did not bring an action against us because you dared not. Our advice to you is to see to it that you publish no more dubious books. This will be a great deal better for you and for the public than any amount of specious letters such as the one you appear to have sent to the *Yorkshire Observer*.

Over a week has elapsed since this letter was sent to Messrs. Greening, and they have not yet managed to exco-gitate a reply. Discretion, doubtless, is the better part of valour. One rather wonders that they have not sought the aid of that modest invoker of the Saints, Mr. A. E. Manning Foster, of the *Re-Union Magazine*, in their dilemma. Surely Mr. Foster's agile wits would have been equal to the occasion, and Manning Foster, or perhaps even Hannaford Bennett, of "Yoke" fame and the Century Press, might have rushed in where Greening (formerly Collins) and Hewson feared to tread. We should have loved to have Messrs. Greening's legal document, because in our opinion it would be highly advantageous from the public point of view that the nature and intention of a considerable number of Messrs. Greening's publications should be discussed and pronounced upon by a legal tribunal. In the absence of Messrs. Greening's writ, however, we can scarcely go further than we have gone. For our own part we shall be quite content if Messrs. Greening will take to heart the latter part of our letter and live up to their own wonderful standard of "historic romances" and "innocuous domestic novels."

We have received the appended choice epistle from a person who describes himself as "Private Secretary." The letter is typed on paper which is headed *T.P.'s Weekly*:

DEAR SIR,—Mr. O'Connor has sent your two letters to Mr. Peter Keary, 17, Henrietta Street, Managing Director of *M.A.P.*, to whom all communications should be addressed. Mr. O'Connor has had no control over *M.A.P.* for several months, and he knows nothing about the paragraph to which you allude.—Yours truly,

Private Secretary.

The issue of *M.A.P.* for March 12 bears on its cover "Edited by T. P. O'Connor." Now, Mr. T. P. O'Connor either edits *M.A.P.* or he does not edit it. If he edits it he must have control over it. If he does not edit it and has had no control over it for several months, why is his name chalked up as editor? There is a shuffle or a subterfuge somewhere. It seems that *M.A.P.* is "fighting the white slave traffic." One is tempted in the face of the assertion of "Private Secretary," to fight the traffic in the names of editors who have had no control over their papers for several months.

Under the management of the late Mr. Morton, and more recently of Mr. Alfred Butt, the Palace Theatre has made a tradition for itself as a music-hall which is entirely free from the objectionable features which are only too easily associated with music-halls generally. The fact that Mr. Butt has always done his best to provide a high-class entertainment, and an entertainment devoid of offence, and the further fact that the Palace is one of the few music-halls in London which is without what is known as a Promenade, have placed the theatre in a quite enviable position and have secured for it the very best class of patronage. Broadly speaking, the Palace is known as a house to which a man may take his wife and daughters, and for that matter his grandmother, without running the risk of falling into the arms of persons whom he would rather not know when he happens to be out with his family, and without running the risk of shock to the family nerves or moral susceptibilities. The policy that Mr. Butt has kept in front of himself is a policy which is admirable and creditable from the point of view of the public interest, and it also happens to be a policy which has resulted in pecuniary success. A good honest policy always does result in pecuniary success—though, of course, the opinion of the witless and the vulgar is to the contrary. We do not wish to suggest that we have never seen at the Palace Theatre a turn which might not be fairly set down under the head of "sensational," or be said to border on the dubious. Miss Maud Allan's *Salome* dance was an instance in point. But Miss Maud Allan danced other dances beside the *Salome* dance, and she was sufficient of an artist and sufficient of a woman to relieve even the *Salome* dance from the taint of downright suggestiveness or impropriety.

In common with a good many people who saw Miss Maud Allan's presentation of *Salome*, we could ourselves have dispensed with it. After Maud Allan we were offered a sketch called "Ma Gosse," which included a fairly sensational Apache dance; but which was

rounded off and rendered acceptable by means of a comic dénouement. Nobody but the very "unco guid" could find offence of a serious kind in "Ma Gosse." During the present week, however, Mr. Butt has been offering us in French a wild and whirling episode called "Le Visiteur." Here again we have an Apache dance, and we regret to say that in our view it is a dance of a most indelicate and disgusting character. We use these words advisedly, and we mean them. The episode of itself is none too inspiring, but it might pass as French episodes go if it were not for certain unnecessary movements and gestures which are introduced into the dance of which we complain. We are astonished that Mr. Butt should have permitted these movements and gestures to find their way on to his stage, and we think that he should have them excised at once. Their removal would not mean the slightest loss to the dramatic interest or general force of the sketch, and their presence simply means grave and gross offence to all right-minded people. In these matters it is customary to talk of art, and of the wicked mind of the beholder. We say that the art in "Le Visiteur"—and there is a great deal of it—is simply ruined by what takes place between Mlle. Polaire and her male confrère in the middle of this Apache dance, and that the very simplest mind cannot fail to see the impropriety and the indelicacy of it. The dance could easily be cleansed of its most objectionable feature, and this without loss of tragic effect. Knowing what we do know of Mr. Butt and of the Palace Theatre, we hope that the grounds of our animadversion will be at once removed.

We believe that Mr. Butt and the directors of the Palace Theatre will agree with us when we say that the dance in question requires to be pushed only a very little further to place it indubitably and palpably in the category of the unrepresentable and the illegal. Sailing near the wind is all very well in its way; but it is possible to sail too near the wind, with results which are not pleasant to the parties concerned. Unless the persons responsible for the reasonable purity of vaudeville in London take care to keep what is manifestly "near the knuckle" out of their performances, they are likely to find themselves in a most difficult position. As a rule, when public opinion is once thoroughly aroused against licence or the appearance of licence, that licence has not only to go by the board, but it is followed by undesirable and harassing restrictions of liberty. We should not like to think that the Palace Theatre management had been the means of bringing about these restrictions. On the other hand, we are not disposed to tolerate licence, even at the Palace Theatre, and we say what we have said because we believe that it is not in the public interest that the performance of Mlle. Polaire should be allowed to continue in its present form. We make no aspersions upon Mlle. Polaire, who is a singularly competent and sincere artist, nor do we wish to asperse the gentleman who so ably supports her; neither do we suggest that "Le Visiteur" is not in itself an entirely proper piece of tragedy, as such unedifying tragedies go. We have stated the nature of our complaint in plain terms, and we shall not rest satisfied until something is done in the matter.

We were present on Wednesday evening at the Philharmonic Society's concert at the Queen's Hall. The feature of the evening programme was Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's

"Queen Mab" music, which we believe Mr. Holbrooke himself described as a "tone poem." Mr. Holbrooke conducted the performance in person, and we were glad to note that though he came late he was well received, and that the "Queen Mab" tone poem pleased his audience. It is an early work of Mr. Holbrooke's, and to our mind its defects, which may be summed up as amounting to a lack of roundness and amplitude, are sufficiently outweighed by its merits to justify one in describing it as a very notable and interesting piece of work. We think that the Philharmonic Society are to be congratulated on having included this work in their programme, and we shall hope to hear more of Mr. Holbrooke at this class of concert. There can be no doubt as to his genius and his ambition and his command over the resources of the modern orchestra. He is a young man, and, considering his years, he has achieved a great deal. Time will no doubt give him the ripeness and breadth which are essential to all great and lasting music.

At some little risk in these days of touchiness on the part of musicians, we venture to suggest to Mr. Holbrooke that he is too considerable a composer to permit himself some of the small luxuries of advertisement in which he would appear to indulge. An article respecting "Josef Holbrooke and His Work," which has recently been printed in a magazine called *Euterpe*, commences as follows:

When Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" was produced at the Leeds Festival of 1904 in the composer's 24th year a facetious critic writing for one of our big London Dailies wished to be brilliant, but in reality made himself ridiculous by questioning whether Holbrooke was an Englishman. A damning critique of the work followed, and I subsequently learnt on very good authority that this critic did not happen to be in the hall during the performance of this particular work.

We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Holbrooke wrote or inspired this paragraph. But it is surely a foolish paragraph and calculated to irritate and disconcert lovers of music. Obviously, if Mr. Holbrooke and his friends persist in spelling the plain, honest, Biblical Joseph with an "f," the inference is that Mr. Holbrooke is either not an Englishman or wishes people to be a little dubious about his extraction. Holbrooke, of course, is a palpable English name. "Josef," on the other hand, is neither one thing nor another. If Mr. Holbrooke's parents christened him Joseph he should stick to the birth certificate spelling, and have nothing to do with masquerades in F minor. If, on the other hand, they christened him Josef, for heaven's sake let him drop the "ph." We are of opinion that the notion that a person connected with the musical arts must call himself Signor with Tutti Frutti or some such silliness after it is a foolish and ridiculous notion. The idea, too, that an English composer cannot be honoured in his own country is equally ridiculous. The British public would just as soon have Sir Hubert Parry and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke as Cavaliere Huberto Parrio and Signor Josef Holbrookki provided always that the music is all right. Of course discussions of these small topics make advertisement and "get a man's name about." We think, however, that a good rule for all musicians who have pretensions to eminence is, "take care of the music and the advertisement will take care of itself." We mean these remarks in the kindest spirit, and we should not indulge in them if we considered Mr. Holbrooke a merely average or mediocre composer.

FROM THE PERSIAN

Put a green cushion at my head,
An almond branch that is faint and green,
Hang me with emeralds, drop by drop,
Emerald silk for an emerald queen,
For the street is curtained with gray of dawn,
But the emerald sun steps in between.

Put a gold cushion at my head,
And golden shoes on my little feet,
Bind my hair with threads of gold,
Scent me with gold that is passing sweet
And paint my eyes with a brush of gold,
For the sun is gold in the golden street.

Put a rose cushion at my head
And a scarf of rose o'er my little breast,
A rose red rug by the fountain-side,
Dream me a rose for my sunset rest
And place a rose in my jewelled hand,
For the sun is rose in the rose-hued west.

Put a black cushion at my head,
And turn the lights in the harem dim,
Swing a black pearl o'er my weary eyes,
Cast ashes down by the fountain's rim,
For the street is black, and the sun has gone
Till dawn I must watch and wait for him."

HEREDITY AND THE KING

THAT very much overrated man, the Earl of Rosebery, has once again deserted his lonely furrow for the limelight of publicity. What Lord Rosebery has been doing all his life is, as a matter of fact, not ploughing lonely furrows, but sitting on public fences, which is quite another matter. Having heard all the foolish Radical talk about doing away with the House of Lords, and having heard all the equally foolish Unionist talk about reforming the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery has decided that by coming down on the reform side of the fence he may be able to accomplish something which will repair his somewhat damaged reputation and justify his claims to be the "brilliant" and wonderful portent that his admirers have claimed him to be; and it is only too much to be feared that the constitutional party is going to allow itself to be used as a stalking

horse for Lord Rosebery's vanity and ambitious opportunism. The House of Lords has just been put to a sharp test; confronted with a great constitutional issue it has had to decide whether it would follow the counsels of courage and honesty or those of cowardice and dishonesty so loudly advocated by Lord Rosebery. It declined to be guided by Lord Rosebery's advice; it declined to vote into law a Budget which it considered to be fraught with disaster and ruin to the nation, and the verdict of the country has been returned in its favour. What possible reason can there be for proceeding to the reform of an institution which has once again and for the hundredth time proved itself to be the one fine, incorruptible and disinterested institution which this country possesses? There can be no possible reason for a sane man who is also a patriot. And it is not patriotism which animates Lord Rosebery and those misguided members of the Unionist party who are foolish enough to range themselves behind his banner. The whole strength of the House of Lords lies in the hereditary principle, and the principle of heredity in the House of Lords is precisely the same as the principle of heredity in the case of the Crown. Any attempt to abolish the hereditary principle of the House of Lords must inevitably, in the long run, lead to the abolition of the monarchy. Lord Rosebery is not such a fool as not to be perfectly well aware of this; but the ultimate catastrophe which would be brought about by the adoption of his "reform" proposals is, as he equally well knows, not likely to come to pass during his own lifetime. Consequently, Lord Rosebery does not care; and to achieve success and rehabilitate himself in the estimation of the mob he adopts the principle of *après moi le déluge*. We say most emphatically that, in view of the inevitable consequences, anyone who proposes to do away with the hereditary principle of the House of Lords is a traitor to the Constitution and a traitor to the King, and would, if he had his deserts, be tried for high treason. The dull people and the dull newspapers who employ the current dull cant about the illogicality of the principle of hereditary legislators wilfully, or perhaps out of mere stupidity, ignore the fact that in every country and among every class of persons the hereditary principle exists, and can neither be ignored nor discredited. We do not, of course, pretend that a peer is essentially any different from any other man. There are good peers and bad peers and indifferent peers, just as there are good costermongers, bad costermongers, and indifferent costermongers. The private character of a peer is of no more importance to his function as a peer than is the private character of a priest in his function as a priest. Would any man in his senses contend that a marriage solemnised by a clergyman of disreputable private character was any less sacred and valid than a marriage solemnised by a clergyman or priest of saintly character? The idea is, of course, preposterous. The sanctity of the priest and the respect due to a peer by every man who is not an atheist or a Socialist is inherent not in the man himself but in his office. The principle of heredity is not of course the only one which guides the constitution of the House of Lords. Constitutionally speaking, the

peers do not derive their legislative powers from their ancestors but from the Sovereign. That is the reason why it is right and proper that new peers should be made from time to time; and it is also the reason why the ultimate power of creating new peers rests entirely with the Sovereign. Mr. Asquith might go on advising the King to make Mr. Keir Hardie a peer until he was blue in the face, and we have no doubt that for a consideration Mr. Asquith would be delighted to do it. But no power on earth could compel his Majesty to yield to Mr. Asquith's advice. It follows, therefore, necessarily that any attack on the House of Lords is an attack on the King. The King himself is precisely in the same position with regard to his constitutional rights and his claim to the loyalty of his subjects as are the peers with regard to their legislative functions. These rights and this claim depend not a whit on the personality of any particular monarch who happens to be reigning at any particular time. They have nothing whatever to do with his private character or the views held by various individuals as to his fitness or otherwise for the position which he occupies. The Sovereign for the time being is The King or The Queen, and in that capacity has the same claim to respect and loyalty as the peer has in his capacity. To attack one is to attack the other; and to propose to introduce into the constitution of the House of Lords anything in the nature of elective qualifications is to lay the axe to the root of the monarchy. The fact is that the cry to reform the House of Lords started by Lord Rosebery, and echoed with enthusiasm in the brainless Unionist press, is neither more nor less than a party manoeuvre. Lord Rosebery, who, for the time being at any rate, is just as much a member of the Opposition to the present Government as Lord Lansdowne himself, hopes that the idea of taking the wind out of the sails of the Liberal party, which is the whole *raison d'être* of his proposal, will appeal to the party spirit of Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and the rest of the Unionist party. We hope and trust that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne will have nothing to do with proposals emanating from such a very suspicious source. There is no more sense in reforming the House of Lords than there would be in "reforming" Westminster Abbey or "reforming" Salisbury Cathedral. The worst that can be said against any of these three is that they have lasted a very long time and have their roots in a bygone day, when everyone in this country believed in God, in the sacredness of honour and the reality of chivalry. There are, unfortunately, at the present moment a large number of people in these islands who, if they got the chance, would be delighted to pull down Westminster Abbey and Salisbury Cathedral and erect in their places buildings of the type frequented by the enlightened members of the Free Churches—buildings, that is to say, which at first sight give the impression of being crosses between racquet courts and public lavatories. It is people with the same sort of minds who want to reform the House of Lords. They must be restrained, and they will be restrained if Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne are anything like the men we take them to be.

"BEN
latest,
Isles.
testing
merril
and ev
of this

Pur
able
qualifi
mad V
Hamid
in the
Empire
regulu
justic
harm.
lian
togeth
Moham
whom
is to
too t
old
crate
ackn
the g
neith
and
been
poor
stuc
rats
gene
Oste
well
the
tion
stan
mo
bet
to
"E

not
no
the
en
"e
es
th
at
H
to
w
n
C
"e
r
s
A
h
t

THE ISLES OF GREECE

"BEHOLD, your land is left unto you desolate," is the latest, most suitable legend for the escutcheon of these Isles. Eyewitnesses have been attesting and diplomats protesting, but the exodus from the Turkish *vîşai* proceeds merrily. Egypt, that shooting-ground of rubbish, North and even South America are preferable to the performers of this exode.

Purity (comparative and problematical) is more desirable in administration than unclean hands (similarly qualified) wielding the government of a country. Mohammad V. *accisis pennis* "rules higher" just now than Abdul Hamid II., interned for the present and absolute monarch in the past. But the late Sultan had, at least, an immense Empire for maladministration; the present constitutional *regulus* will soon have none in which to show off his justice and moderation . . . and inability to do harm. And one cannot even be a saint without the Aristotelian pabulum for keeping the saint's body and soul together. At the rate at which his guardians are going, Mohammad V. will, early in his reign, lack subjects to whom that reign can be a boon and a blessing. Yemen is to be made over to its rebellious Arabs, as an asset too troublesome, as a *damnosa hereditas* of "the wicked old times." Egypt is, of course, to be volubly consecrated to us; whereas the old "Damned One" only *tacitly* acknowledged us as men in possession. And so on through the gamut. "Constitution" to the *Young Turks* (who are neither young nor Turks, so much as Armenians and Jews and old foxes of that ilk) spells "Scuttle." Had Crete been strong enough, she had been quit long ago of the last poor rag of Constitutional Turkey's waning half-moon stuck on a pole, watched by us. And now, like Prospero's rats, Rhodians, Zemnians, Imbrians, and the sea-girt generally are instinctively leaving the ship of state. Ostensibly, compulsory military service for Christians as well as for Moslems is the cause of this *Hejira*. Really, the evil is deeper-seated. And it is not merely conscription of Jew and Gentile that causes defection from the standard of Mohammad, whether the Prophet or the modern Khalifa. Why? Nothing could suit Greeks better than to be harnessed and carrying bows, so as to turn aside in the day of battle, and to rend their "Enslavers." To-day's Children of Ephraim, also, would not, peradventure, be absolutely disinclined to the loot—no more, it may be, than were we Europeans who boxed the "Boxers," or the half-million and odd who last engaged the Boers, that feeble folk now independent and "enslaving." (Will Mr. Herbert Gladstone contrive to estop them?) While the Greeks are leaving their own isles, the Albanians are fighting both Turks and obscurantism at one time. These Arnaouts are playing the Scots to Abdul Hamid's Prince Charlie rôle. Your Arnaout is bellicose to a fault, and he is not afraid of conscription, if he can wear his own trews and arm himself in his peculiar mountaineer fashion. Now he is believed, *pace* the Censor, to have inflicted big losses on the Osmanli. "Abdul Hamid was faithful and just to him, and he will not serve a less good man (in leading-strings) without a struggle." So the Albanian, in good *Skip* parlance. Armenians, who filled the Foreign Office in Stamboul in his Imperial day, are less devoted to Abdul Hamid, of course; but his "successor" (with a difference) must make it worth their while ere they love even him to distraction. The warlike virtues of a Mithridates or of a Tigranes have

left no local reflex unto this day! The *Haik* cannot away with conscription. Your *Ermeni*, like Macaulay's University of Oxford, is ever prone to find himself rather with the baggage than with the van of an army on the march. Finding himself there, he reaps a double advantage: he is further from the foe and nearer the food. Since Mr. Gladstone's death, the Armenian has been better known for what he is, a blend of Marlowe's Jew of Malta and Shylock.

And it was not fear of Turkish reprisals, in case of Greece being forced into a disastrous war by the oligarchy now trading at Dolma Bâghtche as Mohammad V. and Co., that caused and is causing the depletion of Byron's Greek Islands "enslaved." Intestine trouble is usually bloodlet by war abroad. Such phlebotomy would have suited the Committee of "Union and Progress." Had war broken out, closing in the defeat of Hellas, would that discomfiture have made the Hellenes better Ottoman soldiers, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Paynim against non-Moslems? I trow not. That is not the lesson we have learned from the slow welding of North and South after the Civil War; and Northerners and Confederates were both Christians, not disparate religionists, chameleon-hued.

But the Committee would have recked little of that: its (immediate) face would have been saved from darkness; its puny bickerings would have been lost to the public ear in the clash of armaments; it would itself still hold the field (in more senses than one). Peace is death to it. And a *coup d'état* caused by a military uprising is proverbially shortlived; in most recorded cases, by a military counter-coup, as the Gospel threatens, its euthanasia is assured, whatever the angle at which Janus' temple-portal may be. But let us leave arid politics, and come to genial philosophy for a little space. The emigration from the Greek Isles in such a mass will affect our knowledge of old Greek. Luckily, that dead tongue is becoming more and more useless and less and less learned. And those, if such there still be, who feel any interest in it, had better at once take their phonographs to the islands now being widowed of their inhabitants, and get the remainder to speak into these instruments the good old words of Ancient Hellenic, preserved in the islander communities alone. For the words of Homer are still there, *in part*, and there only. Cyprus, for instance, though this is not an island affected, has some remarkably interesting words still in current use to-day. Such meritorious, if supererogatory, societies as still publish Old Greek magazines, reviews, or other publications; such British newspapers (are there *two*?) as give prizes for Old Hellenic; such amateurs or dilettanti as have time and money to do so, cannot be too soon in catching these words, these expressions, these tones. They are flying to the New World, to the land of everyday English, or of very un-Castilian Spanish; many have flown already. Breton is dying hard (with the hardness of a Breton's head), and philologists are saving up local expressions, dialectical peculiarities, striking archaisms, what not. So shall even death be robbed by science—the death of the spoken voice henceforth embalmed for ever. And the same is true to-day of Provençal, Catalanian, Gascon—to quote the case of but France alone. *Ab uno discit omnes*. And shall the language of Homer and of the Homeride, that of burning Sappho and of Alcæus—Islanders representative and reputable, to put things mildly—die to-day, for political or quasi-political reasons? Is not the survival of the digamma of more durable interest than the seizure of

Salamis by an unknown leader of a handful of men? Can the miserable question of being or not being a soldier by force in the Moslem ranks weigh in the balance against keeping alive, somewhere and somehow, a spark Promethean of genuine, pure Hellenic? Is the Island of Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Phroso" to be robbed of its folk with long names tapering off in *-poulos*, whose tongue fashions to frame aright intonations or cadences elsewhere unknown to-day? Are sounds or vocal *nuances* racy of "Phroso's" soil, and of none other, to be swallowed up by an outlandish people? Is what is still best, because sea-girt and yet suffering no sea-change, in the speech of the Greek Islander, to become as Cornish? That Islander, and only he, has escaped the scath even of Teuton iconoclasts. Even Germany has not denied to the less *abordable* Sporades a remnant of the true Hellenic blood, while it dooms the rest of Greece—practically all the continent, and many islands—to reckon as Barbarians unnaturally surviving. The Islander, then, alone conserves the type of Odysseus, who incarnated the wiles of the isles! And this is he who is now forsooth to fuse his noble blood with Theocritus' "evil playthings," the Egyptians—with the scum of that America, which is, or is not, the Atlantis of Plato! The very thought is horror and desecration.

True, in historic times Greeks of the Isles, as well as Continental Greeks, have had colonies at great distances from the *μητρόπολις*. True, again, is it that the cause has, occasionally, been internal strife of parties. But it is a long cry from such a swarm's leaving the hive to the present proposed self-suffocation. For wholesale depletion of islands by those who have there dwelt for centuries may almost be called self-suffocation. The wrench will be deadly. As Pericles' policy was herein evil in that it brought within the pale of Athens the country-folk surprised by the Peloponnesian War, so this flight of the Greek insulars will cost both fugitives and poor Greece passing dear. And surely that tortured land is just now in throes of sufficient trial. "Enslaved," she was little, if at all, worse off. After emancipation, Otho; after Otho, George, whose forty-six years of government avail him nothing, who was forced to look on at outrage upon outrage on his *bourgeois* Kingship, on his wife, on his sons, on his successive, unsuccessful ministers.

Kings, I know, are cheap, and an Islander may be bought for a pair of old shoes—the average monarch and the Islander of daily dealings. But quality is fast of its colour. And the sovereign (even petty) or the poor insular who can rough it in one spot, for half a century and for untold centuries, respectively, is not met with to-day with banal facility.

H. H. J.

THE NEW ELECTRA

NIGHT of curious sensations, when the mænadic Electra of Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss first supplants in one's imagination the heroine of the serene Sophocles. From the Germanic world, with its pride and lust for power and its seemingly decadent core, comes, of course, this perverse effort of a modern poet to realise uncompromisingly the horror of a forgotten passion of the antique world—the duty of revenge, the wiping out of murder by fresh blood.

Such a theme in a modern setting cries for music. As with "Salome," Strauss did at once the obvious and an

inspired thing in choosing the "Electra" of Hofmannsthal for the exercise of his art. Opera was, before Wagner—and for the most part has, for that matter, been since—a sort of novelette garnished with arias and choruses. Richard Strauss's first virtue in his work for the theatre is Wagner's—the choice of the larger outline, the intenser passion. But the gulf! In two generations we have travelled far from the primeval spring of the loves of Siegmund, Brynnhilde, Tristan, to the fever of Salome and Electra's frenzied thirst for blood.

The motive of the Electra of Sophocles is as alien to our minds to-day as we are remote from piety before the image of a god of Cnossos. Already in "Hamlet" the revised attitude of a man in the situation of Orestes is recorded. And perhaps we to-day have drifted from "Hamlet's" position, tending, as we are, to suppress violence of the body from our lives. In the hands, then, of the modern poet, Electra's passion for revenge, her lust for her mother's blood, come to be pathological matters; something intensely curious and terrible and remote, and barely explicable. And since in later ages ideals of forgiveness and mercy have entered into the fabric of man's mind, Electra has to be rendered comprehensible to us by being turned brutish; Hofmannsthal has it that she is fed with "offal" in a "kennel"; she digs in the earth for Agamemnon's axe, with her hands, "silently, like an animal."

This presentation for modern minds of the ancient tale is inexpressibly curious; but it is probable that to see it played with the words nakedly spoken would be hardly bearable. But the words have been clothed, and the passions made immeasurably more articulate by music of extraordinary splendour and marvellousness. The beginning chords, with their unique colouring, seize one, and the music enthralls one persistently by its vigour and vividness, its varied hues, its melodic line broken and jagged, or meltingly sweet—its strange harmonic texture, its unearthly atmosphere, its weird suggestions of obscure passions. Our Beckmessers have been saying that if one pulls the fabric to pieces, such-and-such a theme is tawdry, another banal or borrowed. Well, if they glow and pulsate in their places as does each theme and melody in "Electra," that is their justification. Beckmesser, too, is aghast at the superimposition of one tonality on another (a path, by the way, along which Strauss appears definitely to have set out; it is one of the most characteristic features of the score of "Electra"). One can only sigh that there should still be people who judge by the "look" a progression may have on paper, or—worse!—by its result on the piano. Strauss, of course, could orchestrate an ear-splitting mass of notes so that the effect would be, at most, piquant. The fact is that this score, though on the one hand bound by innumerable links to the art of Wagner, opens up by its concision and its intensity, its mobility of expression and the novelty of its emotional suggestion, an entirely new vista of the possibilities of music-drama.

One should add some tribute to the singular splendour of the performances of "Electra" at Covent Garden of late. If the first of them was incomparable for its fine frenzy and the suffusion of a peculiar demonic spirit, that of a week later had greater coherency and more continued beauty.

THON

Time's L
4s.

"TIME'S
poems, j
substitut
His attit
new poet
the sense

As Wal
desillus
ring of
surface
proper c
are sun
the vast
endeavo
is hard
chorus
But ap
discord
the gre
living
dark la

Yet
at their
lectual
in les
above
indiv

The
his p
writin
with
and c
his la
undoc
sequ
the k
season
noon
posit
ignes
thing
seen
He
is fa
trad
Y
has
who
of v
pro
hea
cou

REVIEWS

THOMAS HARDY'S NEW POEMS

Time's Laughing-stocks. By THOMAS HARDY. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

"*TIME'S Laughing-stocks*" is a fitting title for Mr. Hardy's poems, just as "*Life's Little Ironies*" would be a suitable substitute for the titles of the majority of his novels. His attitude is well known from his earlier work, and the new poems do not modify that attitude. Underlying it is the sense that "the world is a welter of futile doing":—

"Crass casualty obstructs the suns and rain,
And dicing time for gladness casts a moan."

As Walter Pater wrote of another and very different *déçu*, almost everywhere he can detect the "hollow ring of fundamental nothingness under the apparent surface of things. Irony, habitual irony, must be the proper complement thereto, on his part." Mr. Hardy's poems are sung by the Spirit Ironie, and are filled with the sense of the vastness of time, the littleness of human suffering and endeavour, and the pity of it. In these new poems there is hardly even that note of doubtful hope contained in the chorus of the *Pities*, at the close of his tremendous drama. But apart from his attitude towards life, there is some discordant quality in many of these poems which prevents the greatest of living writers from being the greatest of living poets: his great light seems to struggle through a dark lantern.

Yet what more do we want, when we get in these poems, at their best, a noble and unaffected plainness, an intellectual depth of motive, a "hard acorn of thought," even in less favoured moments; a style simple, direct, and above all truthful and unconcerned; a style singularly individual?

"All one, ever the same,
Putting invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell his name"?

There is no forced note. Mr. Hardy has evidently written his poems to please himself—the best of all reasons for writing—and it is impossible, after reading them, to read with pleasure the work of younger men whose admirable and ornamental verse has every quality of dexterity that he lacks, and none of that indefinable greatness that he undoubtedly possesses. He has knowledge of "those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world"; he has the knowledge with which he credits Angel Clare, of "the seasons in their moods, morning and evening, night and noon, in their temperaments, winds in their several dispositions, trees, waters, and clouds, shades and silence, *ignes fatui*, constellations, and the voices of inanimate things." To him, as to Wordsworth, nature becomes, as seen by man's intellect, "an ebbing and a flowing mind." He is in touch with the past, as with the present, and is familiar with forgotten years and the wealth of vanishing tradition.

Yet something is certainly missing. In many cases he has not sublimated his material into a single shapely whole; and, while his prose has innumerable passages out of which poetry is made, his verse sometimes deviates into prose. The poems are unequal. There is much delicate beauty in "*The Dead Quire*," and a homely charm in the country songs. The largeness of the evening earth upon

the downland is drawn with exquisite propriety of phrase in the "*Revisitation*," where one of *Time's* laughing-stocks climbs alone at night, "with thoughts half-uttered,"

"Up the lane I knew so well, the grey gaunt lane of Slyre,
And at whiles behind me, far at sea, a sullen thunder mut-
tered

As I mounted high and higher.

Round about me bulged the barrows

As before, in antique silence—immemorial funeral piles—
Where the sleek herds trampled daily the remains of flint-
tipped arrows

'Mid the thyme and camomiles.

Maybe, flustered by my presence

Rose the peewits, just as all those years back, wailing soft
and loud,

And revealing their pale pinions like a fitful phosphorescence
Up against the cope of cloud."

Very beautiful, too, is the clear outline of the summer night as it draws toward dawn, and

"A red upedging sun, of glory chambered mortals view not,
Was blazing on my eyes,
From the Milton Woods to Dole-Hill,
All the spacious landscape lighting, and around about my feet
Flinging tall, thin tapering shadows from the meanest mound
and molehill,

And on trails the ewes had beat."

There are fine things in "*She Hears the Storm*," and its pendant, the "*Farm-woman's Winter*." But the inequality of the poems gives a certain impression of amateurishness—the amateurishness, of course, of an amateur of genius. It is not a question of makeshift work or careless technique, nor the avoidance of technical difficulties. In the *Wessex Poems*, in "*My Cicely*," the last line of twenty-nine verses rhymes with the word "me"; and in the "*Sunday Morning Tragedy*" in these new poems, the second and fourth lines of all the thirty-four verses are rhymed to the same rhyme sound—no mean feat; in both cases the use of this dominant sound has some of the haunting charm and none of the disadvantages of the refrain. It lies rather in the occasional *gaucheries* of his narrative poems, and in the inclusion among his nobler poems of such pieces as the meaningless "*To a Rejected Member's Wife*"; "*1967*" (with its aspiration toward the coming century:

"I would only ask thereof
That thy worm should be my worm, love")

And the young man's epigram upon life, where the thought has taken shape in doggerel:—

"A senseless school where we must give
Our lives, that we may learn to live!
A dolt is he who memorizes
Lessons that leave no room for prizes.

The short preface to the poems is interesting. Mr. Hardy repeats there his warning that the lyrics penned in the first person are to be regarded in the main as dramatic monologues; just as in the preface to the *Poems of the Past and the Present* he claims that "much is dramatic or impersonative, even where not explicitly so," and in that to the *Wessex Poems*, that his works are "always in a large degree dramatic or impersonative in conception, and this even where they are not obviously so." It seems to us to matter very little whether the poems represent imaginative or actual experience, so long as the writer has the power of looking at the world, or himself, through the

atmosphere of the poetic imagination. He also makes an apology for "some lack of concord in pieces written at widely severed dates, and in contrasting moods and circumstances"; but there is little need of the plea, as the book has an essential coherence as the expression of a powerful nature, of a mind so original that it is difficult to trace the influence of any other man's methods or thoughts upon him in poems which range in date between 1865 and 1909. There is, indeed, a resemblance between his narrative work and our ancient ballads; he has some of the directness and simplicity of the old writers, and has shown the genius and strength to grasp and exhibit the tragic passions in a way to challenge comparison with them. The clear and unembarrassed pathos of "The Sunday Morning Tragedy," the moving power of the Tramp-woman's story, can only be paralleled by that literature. He has, too, their felicity in dealing with the supernatural, their tendency to treat of those passions, crimes, and mistakes that have a kind of fatality in them.

We might have suspected that as some of these poems were written forty years ago, and have not been included in the Wessex Poems or the Poems of the Past and the Present, we have before us what tradesmen call a "second choice." But with the exception of the poems we have mentioned as not worthy of Mr. Hardy's genius, the book, as he very modestly claims, will take the reader forward rather than backward; and the later poems show a notable increase of power. The book is worth possessing, if only because it contains the moving music of that poem (in a minor key), which is an introduction to his country songs. (It would be difficult to find poems in anything but a minor key in Mr. Hardy's works).

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I will find charm in her uncare,
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of wooing song,
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE

In the Foreign Legion. By ERWIN ROSEN. (Messrs. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

"SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE"—for thus are rightly named the men of the Foreign Legion—mercenaries without money, "mixed pickles"—alas! that such a record can be written of two strong regiments of brave men in the twentieth century. But it *has* been written, and it is our task to review it. It was on October 5, 1905, that Erwin Rosen signed the contract to serve the Republic of France in her Foreign Legion. "It is not necessary to write the date," said the officer who witnessed the attestation. Mr. Rosen had written it unwittingly, but he remarked, "It's an important date for me," and he little knew the full truth of his words. They were a typical trio who were

roped in that October morning at Belfort—a gentleman, a juggler, and a country lad who had fled from his German regiment to avoid the penalty for absence without leave and "beating the watch." For him, poor boy, it was out of the frying-pan into the furnace. A soldier can follow Mr. Rosen step by step to his doom from the moment his mind was made up to become a Légionnaire, through the antecedents of his signature of that fatal attestation on October 5, till his arrival with other *bleus* (recruits) at Marseilles. He had served before. He had been a free soldier of the United States in Cuba, so the attitude of French officers towards his venture must have been a revelation (though, perhaps, not a full one) of the gravity of the step he was taking. He signed on all the same, and went with a convoy of *bleus* to Marseilles. Mr. Rosen recalls very vividly the babel of the Marseilles quays, a motley of colour, of clothing and caste, though he didn't tarry long there on his way to Fort St. Jean, "France's gate for her colonial soldiers." Then to Oran and Sidi-bel-Abbès, in the Sud-Oranais, the recruiting depot of the Foreign Legion, the headquarters of the First Regiment—the "Premier Etranger." What memories does that name bring back (to the reviewer)! A ridge in a rolling plain outside Casablanca. Le Premier du Premier (1st Battalion, 1st Regiment of the Legion) was the backbone of the force, which included Chasseurs d'Afrique, the newly enrolled Goumiers (Algerian irregulars), and a battery of quick-firing field guns. In command was Major Provost, a genial, mellow old soldier of fortune, conducting his reconnaissance with skill, calmness, and humour—a twinkle in his keen eye, a joke all ready on his firm lip. And then three days later a long morning under fire. A fatal bullet and Provost fell dead. There was no ambulance near, and the gallant, old, grey head bumping on the back of a mule back to the camp he commanded is a horrid memory. The next day the cemetery. But this is a digression—the reviewer asks your pardon; but it is also a revelation of the ruthlessness of the Legion. On the voyage to Oran a tradition of the Legion was imparted by the sergeant in charge of the recruits. It was a tale of how the cross of the Legion of Honour was won by a young German Légionnaire, dying while he won it. He was a royal Prince of Prussia. It is an article of faith in the Legion, this Prince of Prussia, which numbers in its ranks every creed and craft; and so the orderly-room clerk receives wonderful confessions of individuality without a smile. Who Mr. Rosen is we do not know. He figured in the books of the Legion as a journalist. His juggler fellow-*bleu* thus had himself inscribed: "Herr von Rader; father, a Chancellor of the German Supreme Court; he himself by profession a juggler and a lance-corporal of marine reserves." The very first act of *camaraderie* which the author committed was a step to rid himself of a comrade. An older soldier of the Legion, with craving eyes that commanded compliance, begged of him his plain clothes ere he donned uniform. He gave them to him, and so he began his life in the Legion by helping to what is the main object of most Légionnaires' lives—desertion. However, the life for a time seems to be endurable, but only for a time. Rosen, most happily, was posted to the eleventh company, which numbered in its ranks Bugler Smith, once of the United States Army—soldier, philosopher, and humorist. He is the only devoted Légionnaire to whom we are introduced. The early days in this corps would appear to be a series of upsets of every rule of life, and each upset is thus explained: "C'est la Légion!" It is an education in the

details of a soldier's life to read Mr. Rosen's narrative, for soldiering is universal. A little more so, a little less, and the pattern holds good. The *paquetage* (the disposal of the Légionnaire's clothes and equipment), reveille—*Le-e-vez-vous!*—and all the habits of barrack-room life do not vary much. But the French early morning coffee—announced in the two words *au jus*—is a grateful and comforting awakener which few other armies have. No one beginning this book would dream of the end. It is true that there was omen in the attitude of the Belfort officers towards the avowed intention of this well-dressed Anglo-German, but the earlier pages are full of humour, and they prompt to laughter rather than tears. But the iron enters into his soul as Mr. Rosen writes, and enters into the soul of the reader. The military training is an admirable one. Its object is to make the Légionnaire an independent soldier, an individual fighting man—and very well does it succeed. But, above all, he is taught to cover ground. The 2,000 yards double of the British Army is developed into half an hour of a long loping trot, with a race at the end—and that every morning almost. We are told, too, that the Legion can shoot. Individual soldiers who can march and shoot! What more would a Moltke want? But standards vary; all is relative. We didn't know what shooting meant till we fought brother Boer—and the Legion can miss very freely at short ranges and hit very seldom at long. Now mark this. All the training in the Foreign Legion is done by non-commissioned officers—mostly by corporals. Corporal and *camaraderie* and no cursing, that is the instinct of their military education, and it produces brilliant, independent soldiers who can march forty kilometres a day, till they die fighting at the end of any number of such days' marches, shooting fairly well—cheap, splendidly trained mercenaries! Cheap! That is where it comes in—a halfpenny a day to spend. It is all spent, of course, at the canteen. Two Légionnaires can go together to the canteen on the regimental holiday (pay day once in five days), and drink five bottles of wine between them. The economist has one bottle of wine and 1½d. worth of the tobacco of the Legion to roll into cigarettes. It seems to us incredible that such material can be bought so cheap. Perhaps its low price excuses its scandalously cruel application. Pages 98 and 99 give the Legion's weekly routine. The training causes no complaint. But the *corvée* (fatigue work)! It is hated in every army except the Egyptian, and at a halfpenny a day among individual soldiers who have a great average of intellect between them it is resented beyond words. And such fatigues! Cleaning out the lavatories of native Arab prisons. That is about a record of debasing white men's labour. Stacking the forage for the Spahis, the Arab cavalry (cavalry always do their own work, though nobody else's). "The Legion works, but it gets no pay." Such are the scathing words of contempt of a Spahi. "Inseparable from the Legion's military value is the Legion's work"—and so, marching ever on and carrying a hundred pounds on his person (nearly 50 kilogrammes), the Légionnaire (mostly a foreigner) has carried the flag of France far into the heart of Africa, Madagascar, and Tonquin, winning the head of the pass, making the road to it, holding the road, building the town, maintaining the system of French civilisation (quite different to all others) against all comers. What wonder that men of the Legion have "cafard"? "Cafard" represents a form of madness, and varies like other forms. It varies from a day's impossibility to the direct forms of homicidal mania. *C'est la Légion!* All

is different in these two wonderful regiments. They learn French in the barrack square, and have a French of their own, of course. As the British Tommie has his universal adjective, so has the Legion its invective substantive. When the general of Napoleon's Old Guard was summoned to surrender, convention has it that he answered: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." The Legion swear that he replied in one word "—!" (their own invective). On page 146 we find an analysis of the nationality of a company of the Legion. Only 5 per cent. were French; but 45 per cent. were Alsations. English and Americans are not named—they come under the heading, "From Various Countries"—and we are thankful to know that there are but few of them. Thank heaven our Empire finds fields for our own rolling stones—fields on which they are free Englishmen. The Légionnaire is a helot. The Legion marches on or dies! And thus we see our contention upheld. It was a march with six hours' manoeuvres as objective—300 kilometres out and 300 back. Six hundred kilometres in sixteen days for six hours' sham fighting. Gripped by awful pains, the author reported sick, but only so far as to beg an opiate—some alleviation of his suffering. The *médecin-major* returned him "pas malade," a malingerer. He went "cafard," appealed to his captain and spoke impossible things. His captain righted his wrongs, and first spoke kindly; but thus did he put him in his helot's place:

"What do you really expect? What do you want? We are in the Legion. You are a Légionnaire. Don't forget that again, Légionnaire!"

Is this most enchanting story of soldier's life true? It bears on itself the impress of truth, in spite of certain minor inaccuracies. And who is Mr. Erwin Rosen? Is he a German? We can hardly credit it. For he writes with a purity of English which is very hard to learn, and with an *entrain* which it would be impossible for a translator to convey; and yet the Legion (on active service, at any rate) does not give the impression of a condition of ruthless callous cruelty which these pages reveal. The sordid commercial transaction which enrolls labour at a money payment of 5 centimes a day (labour much of which is highly skilled) is not in consonance with the instincts of a chivalrous nation and a nation of democrats. But the French are not as free as we are, in spite of their democratic form of government. As regards the "sordid commercial transaction," it is quite obvious that if France paid the Legion, the Legion would not exist. It would desert to a man. It is only want of money which keeps men there. To serve for a pension! It takes fifteen years to earn a pension of 500 francs a year. Few men survive. We don't think that this chapter of the French military Budget cost France much. We have recorded how the training and life of the Legion rests in the hands of men without commissions. If this tale is true, it is quite comprehensible why officers refuse to come too near to their Légionnaires' life. No decent-minded gentleman could suffer it. If it is true! If it is, it is such a revelation that the minds of humanitarians, of the friends of suffering men, should be turned from the Congo Free State to the Foreign Legion of France.

FICTION

The Magada. By W. M. ARDAGH. (John Lane. 6s.)

"THE MAGADA" is a very freshly written and animated novel of adventure, with a highly original setting—the Fortunate Islands in 1483. Both country and century are

remote from the favourite haunts of the historical novelist, but the result has entirely justified Mr. Ardagh in breaking fresh ground and giving us a dignified picture of the Canarios, who so long ago lost their hold on life and slipped away into the dark, leaving behind them a memory only, but that memory is a memory of brave deeds and upright dealing. Late in the year 1482, when the book opens, a handful of islanders in Gran Canaria are still holding out, as they have held out for nearly eighty years, against the enemy. The Holy Brotherhood of Andalusia has provided a small fleet to conquer them, and with the fleet goes the captive king of the island, who, after his miraculous conversion in Spain, determines to devote his life to subduing his countrymen, if not to the Spaniard, to the Spaniards' God. With the fleet goes also the hero, Juan de Betancour, a descendant of that wise old Norman adventurer, Jean de Betancour, who had sailed from his country in 1400 and won, without bloodshed, four of the Fortunate Islands. Juan is a charming person, with an immense natural cheerfulness—a hero of the race of Quentin Durward, brave, resourceful, and a braggart, whose life, we feel from the first, will never be sacrificed in any of his hairbreadth 'scapes. This very self-confident young man, who is "nearly seventeen, but feels much older," deserts from camp, and goes on a moonlight raid, where he is taken prisoner by the Canarios; he falls down a precipice, but escapes unhurt, by a miracle; he is saved from the fury of the incensed Canarios by the interposition of their Magada, or sacred woman, and the law is that if a criminal appeals to the Magada, and receives a word of greeting, he is freed from death; even when his head is laid on the stone of execution the blow never falls. When he is brought back to Las Palmas, he escapes being shot for desertion; he does not fall in the nine years' war in Granada—altogether he has the hero's charmed life, as is proper. Perhaps he went with Columbus in 1492 to find out what lay beyond the Western Ocean, but the story leaves this vague; if he did so, he came back next year, and the record of his marriage was to be seen in the register of the Cathedral of Santa Aña till the old church was destroyed by fire. The whole story has the true romantic spirit, and is written in a clear, original, and attractive style.

Papuan Fairy Tales. By ANNIE KER. (Macmillan. 5s.) THESE folk tales were collected from the natives of a small village on the north-east coast of Papua. As no written record exists, it was thought well to preserve some at least of the vanishing wealth of tradition, "for the older generation is fast dying out, and the young folk now in touch with the white man cannot be expected to treasure the old lore as did their fathers." These tales told to the white woman in exchange for tobacco are very interesting and characteristic of the Papuan mind. The sharp line which we draw between mankind and the lower animals does not exist for the savage; to him many of the animals appear as his equals, or more than his equals in intelligence and strength; and most of the stories are of the days when "the animals were all *bariawa*, and spoke and acted even as men do." Some of the Papuans believe in transmigration into animals, and hold that at death their souls pass into animals, such as cassowaries, fish, or pigs; or into vegetables, and they refuse to eat the animals of the sort in which the soul of the dead has taken up his residence. During life, too, the soul has strange vicissitudes. In the "Jungle Boy," Garawada is firmly fixed in a fig-tree by her mother-in-law (who is a witch), and

when the men cut down the tree Garawada slips from under the leaves, to the beach, and there is turned into a crab which lives in a hole in the sand. Sorcery and witchcraft play a prominent part in all these folk-tales, and are still a real feature in Papuan life. "All deaths, save those due to accident, are laid to her (the witch's) charge," and quite an ordinary remark on hearing of a death is: "Who killed him?" meaning which witch. Cannibalism, too, is of frequent occurrence in these tales; and many of the tribes who have had to relinquish the habit still regret the golden age when, like "Dakodako, the man-eater," they could "eat flesh meat which satisfieth."

Quaker Robins. By WILFRID L. RANDELL. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

PASSENGERS by the North Mail, more familiarly known as the Levant Limited Express, might well be excused for describing Merivale and its surroundings as dull and uninteresting. The smoke-begrimed atmosphere of a railway quarter would, in their eyes, be the very last place in which to discover material for romance. Yet Mr. Randell discovers such material, and works it with such characteristic effect that the commonplace becomes at once imbued with special interest and charm. Quaker Robins, who is the humble hero of this intensely human story, is the driver of a small dock-engine, known locally as "The Kettle." The name originated through the irreverence of an express driver, who happened one day to banter Quaker upon the defects of his mechanical charge, which, unfortunately for the peace and comfort of the working community, possessed a leaky whistle-joint, hissing cylinder-covers, and squirting gauge-cocks.

"Don't slop about so much, Quaker," cried the driver of the aristocratic-looking Guinevere. "You ain't really an engine, you know—only a kettle on wheels. One of these fine days you'll bust."

Whatever her faults, the Kettle proves a gallant little piece of goods under the experienced handling of Quaker, whose career, bound up as it is with the lives of other interesting characters employed on the railway, is well worth following even though it ends with disaster.

Among the many stirring incidents in the book, the one in which No. 520 makes a name for herself is perhaps the most exciting. The author is graphic in his description of it. No. 520 is a fast perishable freight train which runs every evening from Merivale to Warleigh. On this particular occasion she is carrying, as an extra and special consignment, two trucks of dynamite for the Slapton mines. From some fault these trucks get loose and become runaways on the main line. To complicate and make matters more alarming, the North Mail has broken down in Warleigh tunnel, towards which the runaways are speeding. It would hardly be fair for us to disclose how Trewithen, the young driver of the freight train, goes in pursuit and ultimately recaptures the trucks before a second and more fearful disaster overtakes the wrecked mail. The book is full of original studies of railway life, amusing, pathetic, and dramatic in form.

Foes of Justice. By HEADON HILL. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

MR. HEADON HILL is well known as a writer who appeals to lovers of sensational fiction. His style of writing, apart from the aptitude for invention, calls for no greater qualifications than a certain power for sustaining mystery. Unfortunately, this power is wholly missing in this work, because the surprises at which the author aims are too palpably and prematurely discovered by the characters themselves. The ability to inflict surprises on his readers evidently exists, but the results of execution, in this instance, make for complete failure. This may possibly be the fault of our iniquitous system of criticism, which, from a pandering incompetence or gross carelessness,

spoils
metho
of ser
whose
who c
honest
could
who a
of a s
been n
kind o
from t
critic.
anyth
requir
should
and-w
charac
weaker
dent s
Hill w
charac
James
the R
duced
of his
seems
privat
would
simply
very u
sprigh
quarte
discov
Rev. V
further
the ne
prove
the au

A Kin
C

THE c
is the
for th
Under
proved
compo
the to
collaps
the en
who li
of the
—one
board
self-ag
simple
the ne
of the
vidual
robber
compa
heavy
new co
himself
profitab
is so o
honesty
be mad
Beaum
party
possess
he dete
trustin
the pro
dues.

spoils any really promising efforts by its indiscriminate methods of approval, or rather puff. There are hundreds of scribblers (they have no right to be termed authors) whose inane vanities are cultivated by a senseless Press, who ought to be utilising their energies in some more honest way. On the other hand, there are authors who could reach a certain height of legitimate distinction, but who are debarred from reaching that height through want of a strong correction. Like the fencer who has never been matured under skilful opposition, an author, with any kind of talent, must ever remain but a crude artist apart from the sound, if unpleasant, coaching of the competent critic. Mr. Headon Hill is such an author. To produce anything like an able tale of mystery and intrigue, he requires to be told of his faults or weaknesses, which should be of far more consequence to him than any milk-and-water laudation. It is poor art which formulates character through incident, as the first must invariably weaken the force of the other by foreshadowing it. Incident should not be entirely without logical action, yet Mr. Hill would find it rather difficult to explain the logical or characteristic bearing on the tale of such personages as James Trelawney, Norah Bilton, Bob Boscombe, or even the Rev. Peter Boscombe. Was Trelawney simply introduced for the sake of admitting assassins into the house of his employer? If so, such an ordinary piece of villainy seems hardly in keeping with the dignified position of a private secretary. The under-butler, or even a footman, would have been better for such a rôle. Was Norah Bilton simply introduced for the purpose of displaying certain very unconvincing detective propensities on the part of a sprightly lady's companion? Was Bob Boscombe, and his quartette of bloodhounds, simply introduced for the tame discovery of the person of an innocent man? Was the Rev. Peter Boscombe— But there, we will query no further, trusting that the little we have said in respect to the necessity for a characteristic ground of incident will prove serviceable in the creation of any future drama on the author's part.

A King in Khaki. By H. K. WEBSTER. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

THE central figure of this bracing and fascinating romance is the chief of an island company, which had been floated for the purpose of working a rich field of agriculture. Under its first head and organiser the undertaking had proved a complete failure, and the shareholders, mostly composed of working middle-class people, were faced with the total loss of their small investments. The threatened collapse of the company, however, was averted through the energy and enterprise of a new manager named Smith, who has the control of affairs on the island at the opening of the story. A certain millionaire financier and promoter—one Christopher Beaumont—who is on the company's board of directors, decides to carry out a daring scheme of self-aggrandisement at the expense of the innocent and simple shareholders, who know absolutely nothing about the new manager's successful efforts in saving the credit of the company. The intention of this unscrupulous individual is neither more nor less than one of public fraud and robbery. He secretly proposes a reorganisation of the company. The assets of the old company, with its fictitious heavy liabilities, are to be purchased in the name of the new company. By this financial jugglery Beaumont can himself become the actual owner of a sound and highly profitable concern. But he makes one great blunder. He is so over-confident of success as to be blind to the fact of honesty in others. The new manager, for instance, cannot be made to view such business methods in the same light as Beaumont himself views them, and refuses to become a party to such an iniquitous deal. Moreover, Smith possesses what is commonly known as a conscience, and he determines upon taking a course of action by which the trusting shareholders, instead of being swindled out of the profits derived from his hard labours, shall receive their dues.

The ingenious manner in which the young island magnate or Khaki King, fights the financial monarch and accomplishes his object, as well as winning fortune and a charming wife into the bargain, must not be unfolded here.

Readers will find this book most entertaining.

Tumult: A Wessex Love Story. By WILKINSON SHERREN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

LOVE's labours, in the case of Stephen Hillary and Barbara Keech, have a torturing and perplexing time. The deeper the waters of life the greater are its tempests. With two such strong and true natures as Stephen's and Barbara's the irony of obstructed passion is alive with the conflicts of real drama. The storms that work their fury upon the rock-bound limits of Barbara's island home are not more tumultuous, if allied to a wider sphere of disaster, than the tempests which rage in the mysterious depths of the human heart. The strange ordeal of Hillary is one that teaches the utter futility of Quixotic methods in the readjustment of moral ideas. Good and evil can have no particular basis of distinction, and efforts to control such a sense of their sources must always end in the bitterness of failure.

As a love story the book has undeniable charm, the high-spirited grandeur of Barbara's fine womanhood being powerfully depicted. The freedom which is held to be allied to divorce is treated with a wholesome, because objectively moral, sense of judgment, and reflects the absolute grounds of restriction which our unorthodox and loose forms no longer adhere to. Shadrac Dine is an unpleasant, though a real twentieth-century, product, a result of the mean and soulless commercialism which is slowly but surely undermining the more stable props of civilised society. Indeed, it has already destroyed the finer passions of the race, and a story, therefore, which gives such a pure portrayal of the higher and dead instincts of human life should act somewhat as a moral tonic towards the baser passions. Commerce, in fact, has well-nigh killed romance, which is the very glory of the soul. Revive romance, and you revive all the purest passions of the human heart with it.

Opportunity. By MARGARET B. CROSS. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THERE is nothing to inspire interest in Miss Cross's book. Comedy there may be, but it is all very dull and mediocre. Perhaps this is owing to that "not too nice a moral sense" which Mrs. Searle, who is ever ready to seize upon opportunity when it comes within her reach, cultivates so assiduously. Vulgar immorality, even when it is practised to obtain material pleasures for two such characterless creatures as Gertrude and Hyacinth, can never reach to a point of interest, at least with those who possess and value a certain element of refinement. Perhaps, on the other hand, the book fails to interest because it is a sheer piece of mediocre writing. Whatever the fault may be, it certainly offers no "opportunity" to the reviewer to say anything pleasant.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the ordinary meeting on February 22, Mr. James C. Inglis, President, in the chair, the paper read was: "The Hudson River Tunnels of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company," by Charles M. Jacobs, M.Inst.C.E. The following is an abstract of the paper:—

History.—Generally speaking, this system consists of railway tunnels in the cities of New York and New Jersey, connected by tunnels under the Hudson River, locally

known as the North River. The transportation between these large cities had hitherto been effected solely by means of ferry-boats. Projects for the work of tunnelling under this river were long ago under consideration, and in 1874 work was announced on a tunnel between Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, and Morton Street, New York. This scheme was continued intermittently under three different organizations, until 1891, being suspended on several occasions by financial and physical difficulties. In 1902 it was again resumed under a new company, under the direction of the author as chief engineer. At this date the following lengths of tunnel had been built:—

North Tunnel, from New Jersey shaft	3,916 feet.
North Tunnel, from New York shaft	160 feet.
South Tunnel, from New Jersey shaft	570 feet.

On this occasion work was concentrated on the completion of the north tunnel, to demonstrate to the general public the possibility of constructing a tunnel under the Hudson River, and at the same time extensive studies of the whole question of providing a tunnel system in both cities. When the project was thus resumed it was again planned to lay two narrow-gauge tracks in the north tunnel with a special equipment of narrow electric carriages. This plan, however, was abandoned, and a decision was adopted to build also another—the south tunnel—and operate the New Jersey system of electric trams to an underground loop terminal, to be located on the block bounded by Christopher Street, West Tenth Street, Greenwich Street, and Hudson Street, New York City. Careful consideration of the volume and destination of the traffic crossing the river by ferry-boats led to the following conclusions: that a single pair of tubes would be insufficient; that another pair should be constructed about a mile further down the river; that the terminal of the uptown tunnel was not properly located, and that the tunnels should be extended from near the river front to the centre of the city of New York, where connection could readily be made with the existing and projected systems of passenger transportation. This led to the adoption of a pair of tunnels crossing the river from the Pennsylvania Station on the Jersey City side to a terminal on Church Street between Cortlandt and Fulton Streets on the New York side; the extension of the uptown system to Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, with a branch about Ninth Street to Fourth Avenue; a tunnel connection on the New Jersey side joining the uptown and downtown systems; and an extension of the downtown system westerly to Summit Avenue, Jersey City. This self-contained and comprehensive scheme led to the abandonment of the plan to use single electrical trams and to the adoption of special rolling equipment in the form of electrical multiple-unit eight-car trains.

North Tunnel.—Work was actively conducted on the north Hudson River tunnel, the first ring being put in on October 22, 1902. Considerable difficulty was met with in driving the tunnel through the portion of the bed of the river where the lower portion of the tunnel is in rock and the upper portion in silt. Breaks occurred in the overlying soft material in blasting away the rock, permitting the air to escape and water to come in. These blows were stopped by dumping clay in barges from the surface of the river, thus plugging the break in the river bed. Notwithstanding these and other difficulties, the work progressed, and the tunnel was holed through on March 11, 1904. The north tunnel under the river is 19 feet 5½ inches in outside diameter, being the size determined by the previous company. All the other shield-driven tunnels are 16 feet 7 inches in outside diameter.

South Tunnel.—Work on the south tunnel was commenced on the New Jersey side in January, 1903, and continued with some intermissions. In this tunnel the practice of driving the shield through the silt without

excavation was developed, and a progress of 62 feet of tunnel in 24 hours was made. Difficulties similar to those encountered in the north tunnel were met with in driving the shield across the rock reef, but the tunnel was completed without mishap, being holed through on August 25, 1905.

Downtown Tunnels.—Work on the downtown system of tunnels was started in Jersey City in 1905 by the construction of a shaft near the Pennsylvania Railroad station, called Pier C Shaft; it was located 387 feet south of the nearest tunnel, and a heading in rock connected it with both tunnels. The north tunnel shields were erected and the first ring put in at the shield under Fulton Street, New York City, on February 6, 1906. Work was continued with some delays until the headings were holed through on March 11, 1909. The south tunnel, which is on the line of Cortlandt Street, New York City, was started on January 26, 1906, and was holed through on January 27, 1909. The rock ledge being at a higher level relatively to these tunnels than in the case of the uptown tunnels, they are completely in rock for a distance of about 1,800 feet. All the shield-driven tunnels, aggregating a total length of 7.7 miles, have been constructed under compressed air.

New York Approach.—The land tunnels, or approaches, to the uptown tunnels on the New York side follow the lines of the streets. In passing from one street into another some sharp curves are necessary, and the shields were successfully driven around curves with radii of 150 feet to 168 feet without mishap. Tunnel-work by shield was continued to the intersection of Twelfth Street and Sixth Avenue, and north of this the work was done by cut-and-cover methods. The municipal authorities required that the street should not be closed to traffic during the construction of the railway, involving temporarily planking over the street, while at the same time the surface railway and the elevated railway had to be permanently underpinned on the roof of the tunnels, and temporarily supported during construction of the tunnels. The tunnels are of twin section in reinforced concrete, having a continuous centre wall between them, to maintain their separation for the purpose of simplifying the ventilation problem.

New Jersey Approaches.—The approaches on the New Jersey side were partly constructed by the shield method and partly by timbering, and both with the aid of compressed air. At the point where the line connecting the uptown and the downtown system joins the uptown system line to Hoboken, a junction was planned, and in order to avoid the level crossing which would have been necessary if these tunnels had crossed each other at the same level, tracks for trains moving in opposite directions were placed one above the other, instead of side by side. The New Jersey approaches to the downtown tunnels were largely in the rock west of the Pennsylvania Station, and were so located that they were built without the aid of compressed air by ordinary rock-tunnel methods. A short distance, however, after being out of the rock, it was necessary to construct these tunnels by the aid of compressed air, a shield being used on one tunnel, and loose-ground timbering methods on the others. The tunnels along Washington Street, connecting the uptown and downtown systems, were built from the Washington Street shaft, and one was driven as a shield tunnel, and the other by loose-ground timbering methods, both having the aid of compressed air.

Switch Enlargements.—The enlargements from the standard-sized tunnel were made at all junction points, to permit the single tunnel to branch into two parts. Several of these were made by ordinary underground tunnelling, and several were made by driving the shield past the point of juncture, and then excavating the enlargement outside the tube by loose-ground tunnel methods, which was then lined with concrete, the iron lining being afterwards removed. In other instances these junctions were made by building the masonry of the complete enlargement on the surface, and then sinking it as a pneumatic caisson to the proper depth.

Stations.—The stations on the cut-and-cover work on Sixth Avenue were made in the ordinary way, and consisted of a series of groined arches supported by cast-iron columns and the concrete side and centre walls. Entrances to the stations were obtained in most instances by stairways through adjoining shops. The stations at Ninth Street, Christopher Street, and the Erie Railroad were built by first driving the tunnels and lining them, then excavating between the tubes and springing a concrete arch between the tunnels, and finally removing the side of the tunnels previously driven, and substituting steel columns therefor. The Hoboken Station is a three-track, stub-end terminal, built by cut-and-cover methods, the roof consisting of a series of groined arches supported by cast-iron columns. Pennsylvania Station is in rock formation, and consists of two separate concrete-lined tunnels, each of 23ft. 6in. span; each tunnel contains one track and one platform. Access to the steam-railway terminus above is obtained by four hydraulic plunger elevators, and to the street by two such elevators.

Church Street Terminal.—The terminal of the downtown system on the New York side is situated in Church Street between Cortlandt and Fulton Streets, and as the track-level is 37ft. below the surface of the street, or 12ft. below mean-tide level, and is located in sand formation, it was necessary to surround the entire site to be occupied by the station by a wall of impervious material. This wall was sunk to the underlying rock to an average depth of about 78ft. below the surface, and in the form of pneumatic caissons built in sections about 30ft. long. An office building twenty-two stories high was built over this site, and a basement floor below the level of the tracks. The foundations for the internal columns supporting the building were also sunk by means of pneumatic caissons, and, after sinking, the steel columns were erected on these foundations. The floors immediately below the street were placed before excavating below them in order to take the thrust of the outside walls. The excavation was then continued until the next floor below was reached, when it was erected, and thus continued until the bottom was reached.

Ventilation.—The tunnels are ventilated by exhaust fans removing the foul air from the tunnels, and maintaining an air-current in the direction in which trains run, fresh air being drawn in at the stairways, supplemented by blowers blowing fresh air into the tunnels at various points.

Track.—The track consists of 85lb. steel rails, spiked to sleepers on broken-stone ballast. Steel tie-plates are used, and also screw spikes $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. On the sharper curves manganese-steel rails are used.

Power-house.—The power-house for furnishing electric current for the road is located in Jersey City, and is equipped with two 3,000-kw. and two 6,000-kw. turbo-generators.

Carriages.—Special equipment of steel carriages is used, each carriage being 48ft. 3in. long by 8ft. 10in. wide and 12ft. in height, mounted on bogie trucks. The total weight of the car, with 100 passengers, is 88,550lb.

Surveys.—Triangulations and surveys for the setting of the tunnels had to be carried out with great care, the extreme accuracy with which the lines were transferred down the shaft being demonstrated by the precision with which the various headings met.

Cost.—The total cost of the work was about £6,000,000 for the 12½ miles of single-track tunnel comprising the system.

Concrete.—A marked characteristic of the work was the freedom with which concrete and reinforced concrete was used as a substitute for other forms of masonry.

Stability of Tunnels in Silt.—The question of the stability of tunnels in silt was given very careful consideration, and it was decided that the bearing-power of the silt was sufficient to maintain the tunnels in equilibrium considering the light character of the trains to be operated. In the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels crossing the Hudson River, of which the author is also engineer, provision was made in the work for the sinking of piles 15ft. apart through the silt to a solid stratum on account of the heavier

character of the railway equipment, but during construction extensive experiments and investigations were made which led to the decision that these supports were unnecessary, and they were, therefore, not constructed.

Organisation and Staff.—The staff was organised into two main departments—engineering and construction. The engineering department had to do with the design, survey, inspection, setting-out, records, etc.; and the construction department was charged with the actual direction of the workmen, the ordering of the materials and supplies, the operation of the power plants, etc. Both departments reported to the author as chief engineer, and to the deputy chief engineer, Mr. J. Vipond Davies. The uptown tunnels were opened for traffic on February 25, 1908, and the downtown tunnels on July 19, 1909.

CORRESPONDENCE

"GAELIC BARDS" AND "CELTIC 'GLOOM.'"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The interesting and instructive articles on "Gaelic Bards" and "Celtic 'Gloom'" prove conclusively what an engaging study of this nature could be made if carried further and made to deal with the history of the ancient Cymric bards. In various directions there are similar elements governing many periods of their history, but there is also a vast amount of strange and peculiar difference, the study of which would help to explain the complexity of the rise and fall of Gaelic poesy.

The Cymric bards, or "minstrels" of the ancient Britons, must have been in their day persons of great dignity and importance, for all the great feudal families included the bard in their retinue; an honoured place in the household was his, for he moved about with his patron wherever he went. He was the great incantor to war, and also the voice proclaiming heroic deeds; the hero was crowned by him, his fame was the work of the poet, for the elegies of those past ages prove at the present day the high place heroes claimed in ancient Cymric poetry. The Irish Gaels even had not the exclusive claim for satirical verse, for this power was often and poignantly used by the Cymric bards with tragic effect; they often terrorised the land with their satirical dirges. There are other similarities, but the value of this contribution will prove adequate according to what extent it can claim a special study of the Cymric bards alongside with the other Celtic branches.

The writer of the articles claims, "The Celtic peoples have always been firm believers in the theory of heredity." Now, as far as my study goes, I cannot agree that this is true of the ancient Cymric bards—more than it is true of the nation's sentiment now. Poetic talent did not necessarily run in the blood; there may be exceptions, but they only proved the rule. Contrary also to the history of the Gaelic bards, the bardic order of the Cymru has lived a continuous life throughout the centuries, in spite of the vast changes of government prevailing in that little land; it has had its many vicissitudes, but it has voiced the heart of the nation throughout the various decades in a truthful and sound sense, and to-day is more virile than at any time in its history.

The writer further states that the office of "Chief Bard in Scotland and Ireland has long since passed away," and wistfully laments the fact and advocates its resuscitation. In Wales the office of "Chief Poet" has been a living institution for centuries, and is now more hale and virile than at any time in its history. The office of "Arch-Druid," or chief poet, is a living power in the land—not like the English Laureateship; the present holder is not only the highest authority on the forms and rules of poesy, but is also an intellectual poet of the first rank, and attributed to be the father of a certain school of poetry.

My space will necessarily be cramped to make an adequate contribution to the second article on "Celtic 'Gloom.'" I am glad to be able to follow the writer, and state that the Celtic "gloom" is a thing apart from the normal and national life of the Celtic races. These are greatly influenced by the physical and moral forces passing over their lands at various periods. For example, the great religious and puritanical movement influenced the poetry of Wales for centuries, and it was not till the middle of the nineteenth century that it freed itself from its trammels. Occasionally gleams of the submerged, suppressed nature would be bursting out, but on the whole there was a certain gloom prevailing, proving how outward circumstances can have such a baneful influence. Wales in the fourteenth

century produced the greatest lyrical poet of the period in the person of Dafydd ap Gwilym, whose muse was ever clear and luminous, and even more hale and jovial than Herrick's—no Celtic "gloom" has thrown his lyre out of tune. What a calamity it is that his beautiful poetry is as a sealed book to the average Englishman owing to the language! The following centuries produced many average poets, but it could not be said of them that they were governed by the minor key, in spite of being a conquered race, with its natural resultant effects.

The study of Celtic poetry, to my mind, to be complete should include a survey of the chief bards of the Cymru, and the work would well repay the student that would take it in hand.

D. R.

THE RADICAL GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a justification for having accused the members of the Opposition of making "the vilest imputations on his Majesty's Government," Mr. Lloyd George said: "Here is what was said by Lord H. Cecil: 'The Prime Minister attaches no importance to his assurances.' . . . I think the noble Lord ought to be ashamed of making such a charge. It is very difficult to describe it within Parliamentary language." Parliamentary language must be an awful nuisance to Mr. Lloyd George. I know it would be a nuisance to me if I had to restrict myself to it in describing him or the Radical Government; indeed, it is quite inadequate for such a purpose. If Mr. Lloyd George thinks that the Prime Minister does attach any importance to his assurances, he must also think that he is either one of the most miserable men in the kingdom, or without a conscience altogether.

Mr. Asquith has certainly broken pledges. He has also behaved like a poltroon and a toady, which makes me think that he is really conscience-stricken. He has broken his pledges and toadied to the Nationalists through fear; now he is afraid of what he has done, and would like to break a few more pledges to put himself right again. Altogether he presents a pitiable spectacle, and, as he is the Prime Minister of England, a humiliating spectacle, too. This comes of forming political friendships with people like Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Ure.

But what of Lord Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Burns, and those other members of the Cabinet who have still reputations to preserve? If they remain in the Cabinet they will run a grave risk of getting themselves tarred with the same brush. The people of this country must, if they have any self-respect, insist on being governed only by men that are as scrupulously honest in their political as they must be in their private lives. Let us at least have an honourable Government, even if it be a Radical one. To quote from a famous sonnet of Wordsworth:

"We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand."

The latter part of the quotation will serve excellently as a description of the present Government.

THOMAS HERBERT LEE.

VOX STELLARUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As your correspondent Mr. Phillips apparently includes me amongst the "people who subserve to amphibiological vaticinations," I can only reply by imploring him to write in English that ordinary mortals can understand. I can spell this much out, however, that he "challenges any astrologer under the sun to prove to him that the horoscope *per se* reveals a body of details as to the character of the individual and the probable trend of his life." Well, there are plenty of horoscopes available, goodness knows, but I will ask him how he explains away Mr. Geo. Wild's test reading of Mr. Pearson's nativity, published in "Borderland"? The percentage of success there is far too great to be explainable on the mere hit-and-miss principle. I think if Mr. Phillips and other critics were to learn how to cast a horoscope and judge it, and then make a number of trials, we should hear less about astrology being an exploded science. I have no time to write a long letter, besides having some regard for the Editor's space.

ARTHUR MEE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- Unmusical New York: A Brief Criticism of Triumphs, Failures, and Abuses.* By Hermann Klein. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Die Psychoneurosen und ihre seelische Behandlung. By Dr. Paul Dubois. 2nd Edition. A. Francke, Berne. 12fr. 50c.
Studien zur Germanischen Sagengeschichte. I. Beowulf. By Dr. Friedrich Panzer. Oskar Beck, Munich. 12 marks.
Eugenics and Unemployment. A Lecture by W. C. D. Whetham, M.A., F.R.S. Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.
How to Preserve the Teeth. By a Dental Surgeon. Illustrated. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.
Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream, and Kindred Studies. By G. E. M. Skues (Seaforth and Soforth). Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.
Laws to Smash the Labour Party. By J. R. Clynes, M.P. I.L.P. Publication Department. 1d.
Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. By F. W. Roe, Ph.D. Columbia University Press, New York. \$1.25c. net.
Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz. By Alfred Holder. Part 19. B. G. Trubner, Leipzig. 8 marks.
Accidents of an Antiquary's Life. By D. G. Hogarth. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- The Sayings of Muhammad.* Edited by Abdullah Al-Māmūn Al-Subrawardy, M.A., M.R.A.S. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
Handbook of the Divine Liturgy. A Brief Study of the Historical Development of the Mass. By Charles Cowley Clarke, Priest. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Life and Works of Edward John Hopkins, Organist of the Temple Church, 1843-1898.* By C. W. Pearce, Mus.D. Vincent Music Co. 3s.
Varieties of Many Years. Edited by Emily Mundy. George Allen and Sons. 4s. 6d.
The Story of Opera. By E. Markham Lee. Illustrated. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d. net.
International Sport: A Short History of the Olympic Movement from 1896 to the Present Day. By Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

- A Book of Northern Heroes.* By A. J. Dicks, B.A. Ralph, Holland and Co. 1s. 6d.
Ireland and Great Britain in Outline. By J. B. Reynolds, B.A. A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.
La Vie du Langage. By Albert Dauzat. Armand Colin, Paris. 3fr. 50c.

FICTION

- The Magada.* By W. M. Ardagh. John Lane. 6s.
Sweet Water and Bitter, a Tale of Ten Years Ago. By Bessie Dill. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.
The Silent Barrier. By Louis Tracy. Illustrated. Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.
The Island Providence. By Frederick Niven. John Lane. 6s.
Mr. Isaacs, a Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan and Co. 7d. net.
A Tale of a Lonely Parish. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan and Co. 7d. net.
Cometh up as a Flower. By Rhoda Broughton. Macmillan and Co. 7d. net.
The Stopping Lady. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Co. 7d. net.
Cecilia de Noël. By Lanoe Falconer. Macmillan and Co. 7d. net.

VERSE

- Poems.* By Leonard Shoobridge. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Veld Verse, and Other Lines. By Kingsley Fairbridge. David Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

- New Quarterly Review; Century Magazine; Book Monthly; Connoisseur; Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1910; Mercure de France; Deutsche Rundschau; Antiquary Hindustan Review; United Empire, the Royal Colonia Institute Journal; Cambridge University Reporter; Socialist Review; Revue Bleue; University Correspondent; London University Gazette.*

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MARCH, 1910.

MACMILLAN & CO.

- "Lectures on the French Revolution." By the late Right Hon. John Emerich Edward Dalberg, First Baron Acton, D.C.L., LL.D., etc. Edited with an Introduction by John Neville Figgis, of the Community of the Resurrection, Hon. Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 10s. net.
- "A History of the British Army." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Volumes V. and VI. From the Peace of Amiens (1802) to the Evacuation of Spain by the British Troops (1809). With Maps.
- "A History of the British Army." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Volumes I. and II. To the Close of the Seven Years' War. New Edition. With Maps. Vol. I. is now ready.
- "Administrative Problems of British India." By Joseph Chailley, Member of the French Chamber of Deputies. Translated by Sir William Meyer, K.C.I.E. 10s. net.
- "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature." By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S., and Winifred L. Lockyer.
- "A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day." By George Saintsbury, M.A. Oxon. Hon. LL.D. Aberd., Hon. D.Litt. Dresd., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. 3 vols. Volume III.
- "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." New Edition. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A. In 5 Vols. Vol. V. T-Z. 21s. net.
- "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals." By E. Norman Gardiner, M.A. Illustrated.
- "Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire." By Clement K. Shorter. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griegs. 6s.
- "Totemism and Exogamy: A Treatise on Certain Ancient Forms of Superstition and Society." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. With Maps. 4 vols.
- "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul." By T. G. Tucker, Litt.D. Camb.; Hon. Litt.D. Dublin; Professor of Classical Philosophy in the University of Melbourne; Author of "Life in Ancient Athens," etc. With Illustrations.
- "A History of the English Church. A Continuous History, based upon a Careful Study of Original Authorities, and of the Best Ancient and Modern Writers." Edited by the late Dean Stephens and the Rev. William Hunt, D.Litt. In Nine Volumes. With Maps. Vols. VIII. and IX. The English Church in the Nineteenth Century. By F. Warre Cornish, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton College. 7s. 6d. each.
- "Orationes et Epistolae Cantabrigienses (1876-1909)." By J. E. Sandys, Litt.D., Public Orator of the University of Cambridge.
- "Barthel's Method for the Examination of Milk and Milk Products." Translated by W. Goodwin, South Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent.
- "Charity and Social Life." By C. S. Loch, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford; Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society.
- "Land and Labour: Lessons from Belgium." By B. Seebohm Rowntree, Author of "Poverty: A Study of Town Life."
- "Chronicles of Pharmacy." By A. C. Wootton. Illustrated.
- "A System of Medicine." By Many Writers. Second Edition. Edited by Sir Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., M.D., and H. D. Rolleston, M.D. Vol. VII.—Diseases of Muscles. Trophoneuroses, Peripheral Nerves, and Spinal Cord.

SCIENCE MONOGRAPHS.

- "Crystalline Structure and Chemical Constitution." By A. E. H. Tutton, M.A., D.Sc. (Oxon.), F.R.S., A.R.C.Sc. (Lond.), Vice-President of the Mineralogical Society; Member of the Councils of the Chemical Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science. 5s. net.

Works on the following subjects are in preparation:—

- "Improvement of Wheat and other Cereals," by Prof. R. H. Biffen; "Stability in Aviation," by Dr. G. H. Bryan; "Ancient Eclipses, and the Lengths of the Day, Month, and Year," by P. H. Cowell, F.R.S.; "The Origin of Ore Deposits and the Extent of Future Supplies," by Dr. J. W. Gregory; "Solar Researches," by Dr. G. E. Hale; "The Shape of the Earth," by Dr. A. E. H. Love; "Studies in Protozoology,"

by Prof. E. A. Minchin; "Climates of British Possessions," by Dr. W. N. Shaw; "Wind Pressure," by Dr. T. E. Stanton; and "Researches in Magneto-Optics," by Dr. P. Zeeman.

READABLE BOOKS IN NATURAL KNOWLEDGE.

Fully Illustrated.

- "Wonders of Physical Science." By E. E. Fournier, B.Sc.
- "Tillers of the Ground." By Marion I. Newbiggin, D.Sc.
- "Threads in the Web of Life." By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., and Margaret R. Thomson.

- "The Statesman's Year-Book for the Year 1910." Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D., with the Assistance of I. P. A. Renwick, M.A., LL.B. Forty-seventh Annual Publication. Revised after Official Returns. 10s. 6d. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

- "A Modern Chronicle." By Winston Churchill, Author of "Mr. Crewe's Career," "Coniston," etc.
- "The Undesirable Governess." By F. Marion Crawford.
- "A Brood of the Eagle." By James Lane Allen, Author of "The Choir Invisible." Being the second part of a trilogy of which "The Bride of the Mistletoe" formed the first part.
- "A Gentleman of Virginia." By Percy James Brebner, Author of "Princess Maritza."
- "A Life for a Life." By Robert Herrick, Author of "Together."

MACMILLAN'S SIXPENNY SERIES.

New Volumes.

- "George Canterbury's Will." By Mrs. Henry Wood.
- "Bessy Rane." By Mrs. Henry Wood.
- "The Book of the Rose." By the Rev. A. Foster-Melliar, M.A. Fourth Edition, thoroughly revised by the Rev. F. Paget-Roberts and Herbert E. Molyneux. Illustrated. With Memoir of Rev. A. Foster-Melliar. 5s. net.
- "Chronicles of Theberton." By H. M. Doughty.

A. & C. BLACK

- "The Wye." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by A. G. Bradley. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Pompeii." Painted by Alberto Pisa. Described by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Chester." Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by Francis Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Alpine Flowers and Gardens." Painted and described by G. Flemwell. 7s. 6d. net.
- "British Floral Decoration." By R. F. Felton, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
- "St. Petersburg." Painted by F. de Haenen. Described by G. Dobson. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Winchester." Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.E. Described by the Rev. Telford Varley, M.A., B.Sc. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Happy England." By Helen Allingham. With Memoir and Description by Marcus B. Huish. Containing eighty reproductions in colour of Mrs. Allingham's best work. 20s. net.
- "Oriental Carpets, Runners and Rugs, and some Jacquard Reproductions." By Sydney Humphries. Illustrated. 2 guineas net.
- "The Motor Routes of France: To the Châteaux of Touraine, Biarritz, The Pyrenees, The Riviera, and The Rhone Valley." By Gordon Home. Illustrated. 5s. net.
- "A History of the Church of England." By J. F. Kendall, M.A. Containing twenty full-page illustrations in colour from Autochromes of the Church Pageant taken by Ernest C. Elliott. 7s. 6d. net.
- "The Ramparts of Empire." By Frank Fox. Illustrated by Norman L. Wilkinson. 5s. net.
- "Canada, the Land of Hope." By E. Way Elkington. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
- "The Alps." By Sir Martin Conway. With twenty-four illustrations from Photographs taken by L. Edna Walter. 3s. 6d. net.
- "The Social Calendar for 1910." Edited by Mrs. Hugh Adams and Miss E. A. Browne. 2s. 6d. net.
- "Life History and Habits of the Salmon, Sea-Trout, Trout, and other Fresh-water Fish." By P. D. Malloch. Illustrated with 239 Reproductions from Nature Photographs. 10s. 6d. net.

- "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream, and Kindred Studies." By G. E. M. Skues (Seaforth and Seferth). 3s. 6d. net.
- "The Teaching of Geography in Elementary Schools." By R. L. Archer, M.A.; W. J. Lewis, B.Sc.; and A. E. Chapman. 3s. 6d. net.
- "Studies in the Teaching of History." By M. W. Keatinge, M.A. 4s. 6d. net.
- "Adventures in Socialism: New Lanark Establishment and Orbiston Community." By Alex. Cullen. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
- "Romanesque Architecture." By Edith A. Browne. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
- "Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man, and his Wellbeing." Translated for the first time into English, and edited, with Introduction and Commentary, by Prof. A. Wolf, M.A., D.Litt. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
- "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." A Critical Study of its Progress and Results from Reimarus to Wrede. By Dr. A. Schweitzer. Translated by Rev. W. Montgomery, with Preface by Prof. F. C. Burkitt. 10s. 6d. net.
- "Text-Book of Operative Surgery." By Dr. Th. Kocher. Third English Edition, translated from the sixth German Edition by Harold J. Stiles, M.B., F.R.C.S. (Edin.). Illustrated. 6s.
- "Caprice, her Book." By Dorothy Senior. 6s.
- "An Introduction to Chemical Theory." By Alexander Scott, F.R.S., D.Sc. Second Edition. 5s. net.

STANLEY PAUL & CO.

- "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century." By His Grace the Duke of Argyll. Two Volumes. With two Photogravure Frontispieces and numerous other full-page Illustrations of original Letters, Autographs, and other interesting matter. 24s. net per set.
- "An Eighteenth Century Marquise." Emile du Châtelet and Her Times. By Frank Hamel. Illustrated. 16s. net.
- "The Artistic Side of Photography. In Theory and Practice." By A. J. Anderson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
- "Modern Artists." By Christian Brinton. Illustrated. 25s. net.
- "The Appreciation of the Drama." By Charles and Caroline A. Caffin. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
- "A Child's Guide to Mythology." By Helen A. Clarke. Illustrated. 5s. net.
- "A Child's Guide to Pictures." By Charles H. Caffin. Illustrated. 5s. net.
- "The Young Student's Guide to Music." By Daniel Gregory Mason. Illustrated. 5s. net.
- "A Child's Guide to American History." By Henry W. Elson. Illustrated. 5s. net.
- "Standard Concert Repertory, and other Concert Pieces." By George P. Upton. Illustrated with Portraits. 5s. net.
- "Heaven, Home, and Father." By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s.
- "Three Modern Seers (James Hinton, Nietzsche, and Edward Carpenter)." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Illustrated from Portraits. 3s. 6d. net.
- "The First Favourite Reciter." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Valuable Copyright and other Pieces by Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Edwin Arnold, Austin Dobson, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Edmund Gosse, Lord Lytton, Coulson Kernahan, Campbell Rae-Brown, Tom Gallon, Artemus Ward, and other Poets, Wits, and Humorists. 6d. net.
- "The Lady's Realm." Vol 27 (November, 1909—April, 1910). 6s. net.

NEW 6s. FICTION.

- "The Crimson Gate." By G. Colmore.
- "Fear." By E. Nesbit.
- "That is to Say—." By "Rita."
- "Tumult." A Wessex Romance. By Wilkinson Sherren.
- "A Wild Intrigue." By Hew Scot.
- "The Second Elopement." By Herbert Flowerdew.
- "The Feet of the Years." By John Dalison Hyde.
- "Quaker Robins." By Wilfrid L. Randell.
- "Lying Lips." By William Le Queux.
- "A Lady of France." By B. Symons.
- "The Cheerful Knave." By Keble Howard.
- "An Empress in Love." By Fred Whishaw.
- "Love in Armour." By Philip L. Stevenson.
- "The Bungalow Under the Lake." By Charles E. Pearce.
- "Angela." By St. John Trevor.
- "A Will in a Well." By E. Everett-Green.
- "A Splendid Heritage." By Mrs. Stephen Batson.
- "Plumage." By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

NEW 1s. NET FICTION.

- "The Mystery of Roger Bullock." By Tom Gallon.
- "The Cabinet Minister's Wife." By Geo. R. Sims.

ALFRED H. MILES' NEW SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
ILLUSTRATED. 5s. EACH.

- "A Book of Brave Boys All the World Over."
- "A Book of Brave Girls At Home and Abroad."
- "In the Teeth of Adventure Up and Down the World."
- "The Sweep of the Sword. From Marathon to Mafeking." A Battle Book for Boys.

CHATTO & WINDUS

THE ART AND LETTERS LIBRARY.

Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net each.

- "Stories of the Spanish Artists until Goya." Collected and arranged by Luis Carreño. [Autumn.]
- "Stories of the German Artists." Collected and arranged by Prof. Dr. Hans W. Singer. [Preparing.]
- "Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari." Collected and arranged by E. L. Seeley.
- "Artists of the Italian Renaissance: Their Stories as set forth by Vasari, Ridolfi, Lanzi, and the Chroniclers." Collected and arranged by E. L. Seeley.
- "Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists, from the Time of the Van Eycks to the End of the Seventeenth Century, drawn from Contemporary Records." Collected and arranged by Victor Reynolds.
- "Stories of the English Artists, from Van Dyck to Turner (1600-1851), drawn from Contemporary Records." Collected and arranged by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt.
- "Venice in the Eighteenth Century." By Philippe Monnier. With Photogravure Frontispiece. 7s. 6d. net. [Shortly.]
- "Lives of the Early Medici, as told in their Letters." By Janet Ross. With numerous Illustrations and Facsimiles. 7s. 6d. net. [Shortly.]
- "Women of Florence: A Study of their Influence on Florentine History during and prior to the Cinquecento." By Prof. Isidoro del Lungo. Translated by Mary G. Stegmann. With an Introduction by Dr. Guido Biagi, two Coloured Plates and twenty-four in Half-tone. 7s. 6d. net.
- "The Paris Salon, 1910." With over 300 Illustrations in Facsimile of the Artists' Drawings, and a complete Catalogue of the Exhibition. 3s. [May.]
- "The Bargain Book." By Charles Edward Jerningham. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net. [Shortly.]
- "An Anthology of French Verse." Selected, with an Introduction and Notes, by C. B. Lewis. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 5s. net. [Shortly.]
- "Picturesque Oxford." By Hugh de Selincourt. With twenty Illustrations in Colour and Monochrome, as well as a Prefatory Chapter, by the Japanese Artist, Yoshio Markino. 7s. 6d. net. [Preparing.]
- "From the Thames to the Seine. The Story of a Sketching Cruise along the North Coast of France." By Charles Pears. With 40 Illustrations in Colours and Sepia. 12s. 6d. net. [Preparing.]
- "A History of Babylonia and Assyria, from Prehistoric Times to the Persian Conquest." By Leonard W. King, M.A., F.S.A. With Maps, Plans, Index, and Illustrations after the principal Monuments. In 3 Vols., 18s. net each; or per set of 3 Vols., if subscribed for at one time, £2 10s. net.
- Vol. I.—"A History of Sumer and Akkad: An account of the Early Races of Babylonia from Prehistoric Times to about B.C. 2000." [Shortly.]
- Vol. II.—"History of Babylon, from the Foundation of the Monarchy, about B.C. 2000, until the Conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, B.C. 539." [Preparing.]
- Vol. III.—"A History of Assyria, from the Earliest Period until the Fall of Nineveh before the Medes, B.C. 606." [Preparing.]
- "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre." By Le Petit Homme Rouge, Author of "The Court of the Tuileries." With 6 Portraits. 7s. 6d. net. [Preparing.]
- "Samuel Foote: A Biography." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 12s. 6d. net.
- "Trobador Poems: Selections from the Poems of Eight Trobadors." Translated from the Provençal, with Introduction and Notes, by Barbara Smythe. With Frontispiece and Contemporary Initials. 5s. net. [Preparing.]

GEORGE ALLEN & SONS

- "Maurice Maeterlinck." A Biographical Study, including Two New Essays by Maeterlinck. Translated from the French of Gerard Harry by A. R. Allinson. With Photogravure Portrait of Maeterlinck, eight half-tone Illustrations, and Facsimile of Handwriting. 3s. 6d. net.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than
ordinary COFFEE.

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT

Eight years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
SCIENCE AND ART

PRICE THREEPENCE

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Inland, 15s. post free; Foreign & Colonial, 17s. 6d. post free

This may be sent to any Newsagent, or to the Publisher of
THE ACADEMY, 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

To _____

Please send me the ACADEMY for the next _____

months. I enclose remittance value _____

Name _____

Description _____

Address _____

H. WELTER, Publisher,

4 Rue Bernard-Palissy, Paris (VI^e), France.

JUST OUT.

Vols. 42 and 43 of

MANSI

AMPLISSIMA COLLECTIO
CONCILIORUM

CURANTIBUS

IOANNE BAPTISTA MARTIN

Sacerdote, Professore in Catholica Universitate Lugdunensi,

ET

R. P. LUDOVICO PETIT

E Congregatione Augustiniana ab Assumptione.

47 volumes, folio, are now ready. See the note
printed below. Copies sell **£188 (2120 net)**.

Prospectuses can be had. This work interests Libraries,
Monasteries, Bishops, the rich Clergy, and the Catholic
Aristocracy.

The following volumes are already printed:—0 (Intro-
duction), 1 to 16, 17-18 (bound together), 17bis, 18bis
(these two vols. contain the *Capitularia Regum
Francorum*, of Baluzius, following Chiniac's edition of
1780), 19 to 31A (called 31 in the former edition), 31bis
to 43, making 47 vols. bound as 46 (17-18 being bound
together). The work is nearing completion; vols. 44 and
45 are in preparation, and will appear in December, 1910.

350 complete sets are being printed, and, in addition,
a few supplementary copies of certain volumes, in order
to enable owners of the former edition to complete their
sets.

The 47 volumes actually ready (January, 1910), issued
at the retail price of 4,700 francs, may now be obtained
for 3,000 francs NET. The 16 volumes added by us to
the reprint of the 31 volumes of the old edition can be
obtained separately for 1,600 francs NET. These are
vols. 0, 17bis, 18bis, 31bis, 32 to 43. In the former
edition, the *Capitularia Regum Francorum*, pub-
lished in our vols. 17bis and 18bis, after Chiniac's edition
of 1780, are to be found in the appendices at the end of
vols. 11 to 18, following an earlier and less correct
edition; therefore, if these vols. 17bis and 18bis are not
required, the price will then be 1,400 francs NET. The
volumes still to appear, price 100 francs each retail,
will be issued to new subscribers bound, at 85 francs
NET each. If any volumes of the 1st series (1 to 31)
should be required to complete imperfect sets, we will
do our best to facilitate their acquisition.

A Complete Catalogue of H. WELTER'S own publica-
tions (all very important, high class Library Works) will be
sent, as well as his Catalogue of Second-hand Books
(value £18,000) to readers of THE ACADEMY who apply for a
copy. Also just ready a very valuable new work by Professor
Paul Verrier, on the PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH METRICS,
written in French, 3 vols., 8vo, price 38s.

Mr. Welter is also prepared to act as Purchasing Agent for
English, European and Colonial Booksellers, and to supply
MISCELLANEOUS FRENCH and GERMAN BOOKS WITH BEST
TRADE DISCOUNT. Thirty-nine years' practice, of which 9 in
Germany (Cologne, Magdeburg, Munich), and 30 in Paris.

ART **JOHN LANE'S BOOKS** TRAVEL**A NEW BOOK FROM WALTER CRANE**
THE SONG OF SIXPENCE
PICTURE BOOK

By WALTER CRANE. 4s. 6d.
Containing SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE, PRINCESS BELLE ETOILE, AN ABC OF OLD FRIENDS. Each, separately, 1s. each, with New Cover and End Papers, uniform with the rest of Mr. Walter Crane's Toy Books.
"We are glad to welcome this reissue of three of Mr. Crane's unsurpassable picture-books for the young."—*Athenaeum*.

THE ARCADIAN CALENDAR FOR 1910

Invented by VERNON HILL. A Series of 12 Designs descriptive of the Months, together with a Cover and Title-page. Folio, 8½ inches by 12 inches. 3s. 6d. net.

A BOOK OF SATYRS

By AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE. Large folio. 21s. net.
"These vigorous pen-and-ink designs are interesting. . . . He produces striking effects by sudden contrasts. . . . As a designer he is full of curious ideas."—*Athenaeum*.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By G. K. CHESTERTON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

NEW POEMS

By WILLIAM WATSON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
Also a Limited Edition of 75 Copies on Japanese Hand-Made Vellum. £1 1s. net.
"If a poet is to be judged by his power of interpreting the dreams and ideals of his fellows, then Mr. Watson must stand in a high place."—*Athenaeum*.

NEW POEMS

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
"His hand has lost nothing of its cunning."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE SOUL OF A TURK

Record of a Trip to Baghdad. By Mrs. DE BUNSEN. With 8 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"The most delightful books are those which either depict the character of men and women or those which reveal the personality of the writer. Mrs. De Bunsen combines both these charms. . . . her book must be read by those who would know Turkey. It must be read also by those who are trying to understand the elemental primitive feelings or instincts which form the background alike of religion and superstition."—*Morning Post*.

"This delightful book is full of shrewd observations. . . . The whole book is full of charm and insight."—*Athenaeum*.

SEEKERS IN SICILY

Being a Quest for Persephone by Jane and Peripatetica. Done into the Vernacular by ELIZABETH BISLAND and ANNE HOYTE. With 8 Full-page Illustrations and numerous decorations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

LAKE VICTORIA TO KHARTOUM,
With Rifle and Camera

By Captain F. A. DICKINSON, D.C.L.I. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P. With numerous Illustrations taken by the Author. Uniform with "Big Game Shooting in the Equator." Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"An exceedingly vivacious account of excellent sport. . . . A really informing book, and of the photographs it can only be said that they are wholly beautiful."—*Fall Mail Gazette*

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

By MAUDE M. HOLBACH. With 40 Illustrations by OTTO HOLBACH, and a Map. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"An excellent, chatty, and picturesque travel companion."—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

BIOGRAPHY**DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. THRALE**

By A. M. BROADLEY. With an Essay Introductory by THOMAS SECCOMBE. With upwards of 50 Illustrations, 1 in Colour, 1 in Photogravure. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

"Mr. Thomas Seccombe is probably the most entertaining writer of introductions that we have to-day."—*Daily Mail*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

A Biography. By LEWIS MELVILLE. With 2 Photogravures and numerous other Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.

"Mr. Melville is certainly an enthusiast, and his zeal has made him seek Thackerayana in all possible places. . . . His record of the novelist's life will be found at once interesting and useful. The thoroughness with which the work has been done may be gathered from the fact that the 'Bibliography' gives particulars of close upon thirteen hundred items."—*Daily Telegraph*.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO:**a Biographical Study**

By EDWARD HUTTON. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and numerous other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

"Mr. Edward Hutton has written by far the best book in our language upon a theme as attractive in itself as any in literary history. It is a delightful volume. It is quick and it is balanced. It is learned and it is sympathetic. It throws a full light upon a changeable and paradoxical personality much misunderstood. . . . For English readers the biography is one of those reconstructions which are in themselves a revelation."—*Observer*.

MARIA EDGEWORTH & HER CIRCLE IN THE
Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon

By CONSTANCE HILL. With numerous Illustrations by ELLEN G. HILL, and Reproductions of Contemporary Portraits, &c. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

"A new book by Miss Constance Hill is a sheer delight; no one has a prettier touch in the re-creation of a forgotten period."—*Daily Telegraph*.

MADAME DE MAINTENON**Her Life and Times, 1635-1719**

By C. C. DYSON. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 Black-and-White Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"In a lively and entertaining manner Mrs. Dyson relates the chapters of this wonderful story. . . . With graphic touch she depicts life at the Court of Le Grand Monarque. The illustrations to the volume are excellent."—*Daily Chronicle*.

FICTION**THE DIVERTING ADVENTURES OF**
MAURIN

By JEAN AICARD. [Translated.]

"Maurin is a great story-teller—'galégendes' they call their yarns in Provence. . . . Sketches of prefects, and poachers, and peasants are cleverly drawn. There is not a dull page in the volume."—*Scotsman*.

"Those who imagine they know their France already will find a good deal to surprise and instruct them in this absorbing picture of provincialism."—*Globe*.

GERMAINE

By H. C. ROWLAND.

"From its first page this novel quickens the reader with its intense vitality and individuality."—*World*.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

By STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

"Deserves nothing but praise. . . . A clever story well told and an endlessly amusing caricature of the petty side of life."—*Punch*.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE

By W. S. JACKSON, Author of "Nine Points of the Law."

"Sparkling and incisive. . . . Undenially entertaining."—*Evening Standard*.

THE EAGLE'S NEST

By ALLAN McAULAY.

"A brilliant tour de force."—*Athenaeum*.

THE ODD MAN

By ARNOLD HOLCOMBE.

"One of the most refreshing and amusing books that we have read for some months. . . . A book to put on one's shelves."—*Morning Post*.

ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH

NOW READY—A Translation by A. W. EVANS of L'ILE DES PINGOUINS (Penguin Island).

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

Being the 10th Volume of the Uniform 6s. Edition of the Works of Anatole France in English.

PUBLISHED.—"The White Stone," "Thais," "Balthazar," "The Well of St. Clare," "The Garden of Epicurus," "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," "Mother of Pearl," "The Red Lily," "Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournnebuche."

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON & NEW YORK

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

BRITISH PLACE-NAMES IN THEIR HISTORICAL SETTING.

By the Rev. EDMUND McCURE, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

A Study of the Logos Doctrine: its Sources and its Significance. By the Rev. J. S. JOHNSTON, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. With a Preface by the DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

LIFE AS SERVICE.

Some Chapters on being Christianly Useful. By the Rev. H. LEWIS, M.A., Hon. Canon of Southwark. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE GOSPEL.

By the Rev. W. E. CHADWICK, D.D. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE PRESENT CONTROVERSY ON PRAYER.

By the Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

THE PATRIARCHATE OF JERUSALEM.

By the Ven. ARCHDEACON DOWLING, D.D. With a Preface by the LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

TISSOT'S ILLUSTRATED OLD TESTAMENT AND THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

With Notes and Explanatory Drawings by J. JAMES TISSOT. With over 750 Compositions illustrating the work. In Four Volumes. Imperial 8vo. Published at £12 12s., and now offered for a limited time at £4 4s. Complete.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORICAL RECORDS AND LEGENDS OF ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

By T. G. PINCHES, LL.D., M.R.A.S. Third Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d.
CHURCH TIMES.—"Dr. Pinches has spared no pains to give us a really good book for popular use, and it will no doubt take its place as the standard manual on the subject."

LITERARY CRITICISM AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Manchester Cathedral Lectures, 1907). By the Rev. R. J. KNOWLING, D.D., Canon of Durham and Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham, Fellow of King's College, London. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

ALCUIN OF YORK.

By the Right Rev. G. F. BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Bristol. Illustrated. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

DO WE BELIEVE?

The Law of Faith Perfected in Christ. Four Lectures delivered in St. George's, Windsor, by the Right Rev. Bishop BARRY. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE "HIGHER CRITICISM" AND THE VERDICT OF THE MONUMENTS.

By the Rev. Professor A. H. SAYCE. Seventh Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—"The seventh edition, revised, of Dr. Sayce's 'Higher Criticism' is sure of a warm welcome; it is a book of the greatest interest and importance."

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

Rhind Lectures by the Rev. Professor A. H. SAYCE. New Edition, Revised.—Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.
CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—"It is a book of the greatest interest and value for Bible students."

EGYPT AND WESTERN ASIA IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

By L. W. KING, M.A., F.S.A., and H. R. HALL, M.A., of the British Museum. Containing 100 Plates and Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth boards, 10s.
GUARDIAN.—"In a sumptuous volume of 470 pages Messrs. King and Hall inform the lay reader of the more important additions which have been made to our knowledge of the ancient East in the course of the last few years. The book we have read with the keenest interest."

THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLES OF THE CLASSIC EAST.

By Professor MASPERO. Edited by the Rev. Professor SAYCE. Translated by M. L. McCURE. Each volume contains Maps, coloured Plates, and numerous other Illustrations.

Demy 4to, cloth, bevelled boards.

Volume I. The Dawn of Civilization: Egypt and Chaldaea. Fourth Edition. 24s.; half-morocco, 48s.

Volume II. The Struggle of the Nations: Egypt, Syria, and Assyria. 25s.; half-morocco, 50s.

Volume III. The Passing of the Empires, 850 B.C.—330 B.C. 25s.; half-morocco, 50s.

THE S.P.C.K. ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY.

The Cheapest Comprehensive Dictionary in the World.

Now enlarged by a Supplementary Volume, making Eight Volumes in all. A work of reference to the words in the English Language, with a full account of their Origin, Meaning, Pronunciation, and Use. Consisting of 6,110 pages, imp. 8vo. It contains over 200,000 words, and is illustrated by Coloured Plates and over 3,000 Wood Engravings and Diagrams. Invaluable for the Home, the College, and the School. In Eight Volumes, cloth, 35s.; half-bound, 42s. SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME separately, cloth, 10s. 6d.; half-bound, 12s.

London: Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; 43, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Brighton: 129, North Street.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS.
NEW, SECOND-HAND, AND BOUND.
BOOKS SOUGHT FOR, however unim-
portant.
LIBRARIES BOUGHT OR VALUED.
140, Strand, W.C. (Tel. 1515 Central).
37, Piccadilly, W. (Tel. 3601 Mayfair).
Telegraphic Address—Bookmen, London.

E. T. BOTTOM & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS, &c.
32, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.
NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND
WEEKLY PERIODICALS.
AGENTS FOR OLD POST OFFICE
DIRECTORIES.

BOOKS—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT
and RARE BOOKS on any subject
SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder
extant. Please state wants and ask for
CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of
exchanging any Saleable Books for others
selected from my various Lists. Special List
of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—
EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16, John
Bright St., Birmingham. Jane Austen's Novels,
coloured plates, 10 vols., 35s. net, for 21s.
Solon's Old English Porcelain, £2 12s. 6d., for
35s. Bartholomew's Survey Gazetteer British
Isles, 17s. 6d. net, for 5s. 6d. Rhoad's Stafford-
shire Pots and Potters, 21s., for 10s. 6d.

TYPEWRITING promptly and
accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words.
Specimens and references.—Address Miss
MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Sur-
biton, S.W.

A. LIONEL ISAACS,
59, PICCADILLY, W.

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, & MSS.
Speciality:—French Illustrated Books of the
eighteenth Century and Modern French EDITIONS
DE LUXE.
. Gentlemen wishing to dispose of any of these will
oblige by kindly reperting same to me.
Catalogue of Rare Books and MSS. now ready.

PRIVATE LIBRARIES CATALOGUED
and indexed in an efficient manner by
Young Man interested in Literature. Can
anyone find him work?
Write first instance,
HOUSTON,
66, Neville Rd, Forest Gate.

"SCORPIO."

By J. A. CHALONER

"... He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible
hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can
put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that
a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only
does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial flat, but he
believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with
an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.'
So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Scorpio
we are disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he
immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's
Horse-shoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A feund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedeizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
His votareesses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with
the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.
(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay:
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glances would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts parvenus of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance.
The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a
sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henry might have plumed himself
on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *four de force* in its way,
reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner
to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. Some
of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, how-
ever, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth
possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

PUBLISHERS' MEDIA

THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books
Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS'
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

Mr. THOMAS BURT, M.P.:

"Bookman! That is a very interesting
interview in the March

BOOK MONTHLY,

with the new 'Father' of the House of
Commons."

Lord Morley once said to his friend,
"Burt, where did you get your literary
style?" This article goes far to give the
answer.

The "Book Monthly" is published by
Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers'
Hall Court, E.C., and costs 6s.

"THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

AND

LAND AND WATER" Illustrated,

(ESTABLISHED 1869)

A High-class Sporting and Agricultural Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. PRICE SIXPENCE.

Circulates among the Wealthy Classes, Clubs and
Sportsmen all over the World.

"The County Gentleman & Land & Water"

Contains articles by Experts on—

SHOOTING, FISHING, HUNTING, POLO, GOLF, YACHTING, RACING,
MOTORING, HORSE AND DOG BREEDING, FARMING AND GARDEN-
ING, FIELD SPORTS, AGRICULTURE, HORSE, CATTLE AND DOG
SHOWS, TRAVEL AND AVIATION.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

AT HOME.		ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months ...	£1 8 0	(Ordinary Issue.)	
Six Months ...	0 14 0	Twelve Months ...	£1 17 0
Three Months ...	0 7 0	Six Months ...	0 18 6
CANADA (Ordinary Issue).		Three Months ...	0 9 3
Twelve Months ...	£1 10 6	The above rates include all Special Numbers.	
Six Months ...	0 15 3		
Three Months ...	0 7 9		

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing Offices:
199, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Published by The WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

LONDON (Paternoster Square), Felling-on-Tyne, New York, and Melbourne.

The "Contemporary Science" Series.

Additions:

THE CRIMINAL. New & Enlarged Edition. 470 pp. Havelock Ellis. 6s.

HYPNOTISM. New and Enlarged Edition. 628 pages. Dr. Moll. 6s.

MODERN ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. 520 pages. C. A. Keane, D.Sc. 6s.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6s. and 3s. 6d. each.

6/-

CHILD, THE.—Chamberlain.
COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. —
Morgan.
DEGENERACY: ITS CAUSES,
SIGNS, etc.—Talbot.
DIGESTION, THE NATURAL HIS-
TORY OF.—Gillespie.
EVOLUTION IN ART.—Haddon.
EVOLUTION OF MODERN CAPI-
TALISM, THE.—Hobson.
EVOLUTION OF SEX, THE. —
Geddes and Thomson.
EUROPEAN FAUNA, THE HISTORY
OF THE.—Scharff.
EARTHQUAKES, A STUDY OF
RECENT.—C. Davison.
GERM-PLASM, THE.—Weismann.
GEOLOGY AND PALÆONTOLOGY.
—Karl von Zittel.
HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLU-
SIONS.—Parish.
MAKING OF CITIZENS, THE.—
R. E. Hughes.
MAN AND WOMAN.—Ellis.
MEDITERRANEAN RACE, THE.—
Sergi.
MORALS: A TREATISE ON THE
PSYCHO-SOCIOLOGICAL
BASES OF ETHICS.—Duprat.
NEW PSYCHOLOGY, THE.—Scrip-
ture.
PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS,
THE.—Ribot.
PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION, THE.
—Starbuck.
RACES OF MAN, THE.—Deniker.
RELIGION, THE STUDY OF.—
Jastrow.

APPARITIONS AND THOUGHT-
TRANSFERENCE.—Podmore.
BACTERIA AND THEIR PRO-
DUCTS.—Woodhead.
EDUCATION AND HEREDITY.—
Guyau.
EVOLUTION AND DISEASE.—
Sutton.
EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE, THE.
—Letourneau.
GROWTH OF THE BRAIN.—
Donaldson.
INDUSTRIES OF ANIMALS, THE.
—Houssay.
MAN OF GENIUS, THE.—Lombroso.
MANUAL TRAINING.—Woodward.
MODERN METEOROLOGY.—
Waldo.
ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS, THE.—
Taylor.
ORIGINS OF INVENTION, THE.
—Mason.
PHYSIOGNOMY AND EXPRES-
SION.—Mantegazza.
PRIMITIVE FOLK.—Reclus.
PROPERTY: ITS ORIGIN AND
DEVELOPMENT.—Letourneau.
PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEMS.—
Sykes.
SANITY AND INSANITY.—Mercier.
SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES, THE.
—Hartland.
SLEEP: Its Physiology, Pathology,
and Hygiene.—Manacéline.
VILLAGE COMMUNITY IN
BRITAIN, THE.—Gomme.
VOLCANOES: PAST AND PRESENT.
—Hull.

3/6

Published by The WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

LONDON (Paternoster Square), Felling-on-Tyne, New York, and Melbourne.

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS

KINDLY WRITE FOR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

INTIMATE SOCIETY LETTERS OF THE 18th CENTURY. HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

ARGYLL. 2 vols., demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 24s. net per set.

THE ARTISTIC SIDE OF PHOTOGRAPHY. In Theory and Practice. A. J. ANDERSON,

Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi." 24 Illustrations, demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

THE DAUPHINES OF FRANCE. FRANK HAMEL. Illustrated, demy 8vo, 16s. net.

A QUEEN OF TRAGEDY. H. KENDRICK HAYES. Fully illustrated, demy 8vo, 16s. net.

THE WHOLE WORLD AT A GLANCE. A new concentrated Map of World Knowledge printed in 15 colours, 60 x 40, 21s. net.

MODERN ARTISTS. CHRISTIAN BRINTON. 60 Illustrations. 4 Coloured Plates, large 4to, 25s. net.

THE APPRECIATION OF THE DRAMA. C. and C. CAFFIN. Illustrated, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MARQUISE. Emile du Châtelet and her Times.

FRANK HAMEL. Illustrated demy 8vo, 16s. net.

COLE'S TREASURY OF SONG. A Collection of the most Popular Songs, Old and New. Editor of "The 1,000 Best Poems in the World," &c. 400 pages, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HEAVEN, HOME, AND FATHER. T. W. H. CROSLAND, Author of "The Unspeakable Scot." In crown 8vo, 5s.

THE QUANTITIES OF A DETACHED MODERN RESIDENCE: Taken off, Measured and Billed, with drawings by Scale. GEORGE STEPHENSON, Author of "Estimating," &c. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE STANDARD CONCERT REPERTORY. A Handbook of the Standard Overtures, Suites, Symphonic Poems, Rhapsodies, Fantasias, &c. GEORGE P. UPTON. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ABC OF COLLECTING OLD ENGLISH POTTERY. J. F. BLACKER. Over 400 Illustrations. In large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ABC OF COLLECTING OLD ENGLISH CHINA. J. F. BLACKER. Illustrated in large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ABC ABOUT COLLECTING. Sir JAMES H. YOXALL, M.P. Illustrated, large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY. ELLEN A. CLARKE. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN HISTORY. HENRY W. ELSON. Illustrated, 5s. net.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO PICTURES. CHARLES H. CAFFIN. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE YOUNG STUDENT'S GUIDE TO MUSIC. DANIEL GREGORY MASON. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE DOOKS' DOOMSDAY BOOK. Illustrated, paper cover, 6d.

THE PERFIDIOUS WELSHMAN. "DRAIG GLAS." Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

ORIGINAL POEMS, BALLADS, AND TALES IN VERSE, for Reading and

Recitation. ALFRED H. MILES. Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

THREE MODERN SEERS. James Hinton, Nietzsche, and Edward Carpenter.

Mrs. HAVELOCK ELLIS. Illustrated with Photogravure Portraits, 3s. 6d. net.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF SPORTS, PASTIMES, HOBBIES, AND AMUSEMENTS.

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Large crown 8vo, illustrated, 5s.

THE SWEEP OF THE SWORD. FROM MARATHON TO MAFEKING. Being a

Battle Book for Boys. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Fully illustrated, 5s.

THE LADY'S REALM. Vol. 27 (Nov., '09-April, '10), 6s. net.

NEW 1/- (NET) NOVELS

THE DREAM—AND THE WOMAN	TOM GALLON
*THE CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE	Geo. R. SIMS
*THE MYSTERY OF ROGER BULLOCK	TOM GALLON

* Quite new in volume form.

NEW SIXPENNY NOVELS

LITTLE LADY CHARLES	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
STOLEN HONEY	ADA AND DUDLEY JAMES
TROUBLED WATERS	HEADON HILL
CORNELIUS	Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE
A SPLENDID DESTINY	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
ADVENTURES OF A PRETTY WOMAN	FLORENCE WARDEN
SHOES OF GOLD	HAMILTON DRUMMOND
THE MISTRESS OF THE FARM	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE	E. EVERETT-GREEN
THE TRICKSTER	G. B. BURGIN
THE MAN SHE MARRIED	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
INDISCRETIONS	COSMO HAMILTON
TRAFFIC	E. TEMPLE THURSTON
THE HUMAN BOY AGAIN	EDEN PHILLPOTTS
BENEATH A SPELL	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
DARE OR DO	EFFIE A. ROWLANDS
ST. ELMO	AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

Arrangements have been made to include new novels by HELEN MATHERS, W. LE QUEUX, TOM GALLON, DOLF WYLLARDE, WINIFRED CRISPE, CHARLES E. PEARCE, "RITA," and others.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

A WILL IN A WELL	E. EVERETT-GREEN
PRETTY BARBARA	ANTHONY DYLLINGTON
EDWARD & I & MRS. HONEYBUN	KATE HORN
LOVE BESIEGED	CHARLES E. PEARCE
A LADY OF FRANCE	B. SYMONS
THAT IS TO SAY—	"RITA"
A SPLENDID HERITAGE	STEPHEN BATSON
ANGELA	SIR JOHN TREVOR
LYING LIPS	W. LE QUEUX
THE CRIMSON CATE	G. COLMORE
TUMULT	WILKINSON SHERREN
A WILD INTRIGUE	HEW SCOT
SECOND ELOPEMENT	HERBERT FLOWERDEW
THE FEET OF THE YEARS	JOHN DALISON HYDE
QUAKER ROBINS	WILFRED L. RANDALL
YOUNG NICK & OLD NICK	S. R. CROCKETT
FEAR	E. NESBIT
PLUMAGE	CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN
THE ROSE OF DAUPHINY	PHILIP L. STEVENSON
THE VORTEX	FRED WHISHAW
THE SUBMARINE GIRL	EDGAR TURNER
TROPICAL TALES	DOLF WYLLARDE
STRANGE FIRE	CHRISTOPHER MAUGHAN
LOVE IN ARMOUR	PHILIP L. STEVENSON
THE CHEERFUL KNAVE	KEBLE HOWARD
AN EMPRESS IN LOVE	FRED WHISHAW
THE BUNGALOW UNDER THE LAKE	CHARLES E. PEARCE
A NEW NOVEL	HAMILTON DRUMMOND

KINDLY WRITE FOR A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE TO

STANLEY PAUL & CO., Clifford's Inn, LONDON (Publishers of the Lady's Realm)